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Campus Under Siege

WHY STUDENTS SEIZE POWER

LOUIS S. LEVINE

Requiem for the Great Society

MASON DRUKMAN

Auditing a Think Tank

The Profit and Loss of Herman Kahn

H. L. NIEBURG

JOSE YGLESIAS on *Updike's 'Couples'*

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JOHN BRIGHT on *Galbraith's 'Triumph'*

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LETTERS

war and the Peace Corps

Buffalo, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Berreman's attempt to sound a death knell for the Peace Corps ["The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed," *The Nation*, Feb. 26] seems to be more of a function of his anti-war prejudice than a fair appraisal of the Peace Corps. His argument seems to be: The United States is engaged in an evil war; therefore, anything constructive we attempt is hypocritical and doomed to failure. I would suggest, for example, that the orphans in Chitre, Panama (where my brother is a PCV) are finding new rewards through learning athletics, dancing and singing, despite the Vietnamese War which they—and most people with whom PCVs work—neither know nor care about . . . .

Thomas T. Frantz, Asst. Professor of Education
State University of New York at Buffalo

Greensboro, N.C.

DEAR SIRS: I am a returned Peace Corps Volunteer from the Dominican Republic and also worked in the Peace Corps Headquarters in Washington. I was quoted twice in Mr. Berreman's article and was, hence, very interested in what he had to say—both about me and the Peace Corps.

Of particular interest were Berreman's cases of volunteers who have tried to speak out against U.S. foreign policy while still serving overseas. The pressures and efforts to discredit such free speech were great and even extended to the petition of 800 ex-volunteers that Berreman mentioned. Peace Corps officials threatened to fire those returned volunteers who were working for the Peace Corps administration and wanted to sign. The Director of Public Affairs was successful in planting a completely false story in *The Baltimore Sun*. Mr. Vaughn's remark, as quoted by Berreman, that the petition ". . . was done by outsiders . . ." could not be less true. In fact, I organized that petition while still working for the Peace Corps in Washington.

Dr. Berreman later describes the Peace Corps in the Dominican Republic ". . . as a sugar-coating, and a thin one at that, for the bitter pill of U.S. foreign policy." He used this description to support his contention that the Peace Corps acts as a diversionary device for U.S. foreign policy. I was a volunteer in Santo Domingo in April, 1965, and can personally attest to the contrary. . . . Not only did the revolutionary Dominicans consider us on their side but Dean Rusk agreed with them. There are fairly well-substantiated reports that Rusk threatened to pull all of us out of the Dominican Republic if we continued to verbally and actually consort with and support "the enemy." We continued and he didn't . . . .

I must also take issue with Berreman's rather liberal interpretation of some statements that I made while I was still working for the Peace Corps in Washington. It is not only that he completely misquoted some remarks that I made at Berkeley in 1966 but invented some as well. I did not say that "'. . . protest activity is not really a genuine service. The Peace Corps offers active participation in things that are really happening.'" Nor did I say that the "'. . . electric climate on the Berkeley campus was phony, amateurish and superficial.'" I did say that "There exists an electric climate here at Berkeley and one of which I am proud to be a part this week. Carrying picket signs and taking LSD trips may be activity, but it is minus involvement. *Much* of it is phony, amateurish and superficial. Participation these days means more than membership, means more than carrying signs or wordy protests. It means VISTA, Civil Rights, and Peace Corps—sharing the lives of the poor and the outcasts."

In Berreman's use of an article that I wrote for *The*

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EDITORIALS

Humphrey and Rockefeller

We welcome Governor Rockefeller's belated announcement. Again and again we have expressed concern about the Republican Party. We should like to see two strong parties, each capable of producing Presidents worthy of those qualities of greatness which the American people possess, and at least mitigating their failures of character and intellect. From this standpoint, Nixon would be an appalling nominee. The national sin of hypocrisy, which racism has laid bare, is personified in his fork-tongued approach to every issue. His support befits the man. He has curried favor with the local and state chairmen, who by and large do not represent the rank and file. And if they did, the GOP is a minority party which Nixon could not rejuvenate or bring back to a position of influence. Nor could he contribute to a meaningful campaign. Rockefeller can; that is one reason for cheer.

Vice President Humphrey's announcement surprised no one, nor was his statement other than what might have been predicted. The same may be said of the ensuing comments, for Hubert is known to all, and disliked by none who have had personal contact with him. But the point about Hubert is that he is a stand-in for the Johnson Administration. It is a liability that nothing he can say or do will obliterate. The views of those who set out to dump Johnson—and dumped him—call for dumping Humphrey too.

We have never gone along with the notion that Hubert "betrayed" any principle of his or that he was Johnson's toady. When he went along with Johnson on the Vietnamese War, when he approved the bombing of North Vietnam, and in everything he has done and left undone, he was himself. All talk about the "old Hubert" is myth making. There is not an old Hubert nor a new one. Humphrey emerged from his early political background in Minnesota with a deep mind-set on the question of communism, a term far too broadly construed, by him and others, and one arousing ludicrously exaggerated apprehension. He was one of the Senators principally responsible for the Communist Control Act of 1954 [see "A Can of Worms" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, August 28, 1954]. His record is perfectly consistent, and the way in which he attacked Kennedy's "no more Vietnams" statement is a measure of that consistency. He would indeed fight "communism" in Guatemala, in Greece, or any other place.

Today he finds himself the candidate of Big Labor and of a section of Big Business, of bosses like Mayor Daley of Chicago and the Dixiecrats. The Democratic opposition to Johnson, on the other hand, must hold him personally responsible for Johnson's policies and their consequences. Humphrey is a loyal man, but he did not back the President out of a sense of tormented loyalty. Humphrey spoke out of his own convictions.

Aside from this crucial factor, we doubt whether he has, or the American people will feel he has, the stature required in an American President. He is too facile. He talks

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too much. He radiates good will and it is genuine, but the Presidency requires strong, not necessarily agreeable, qualities. Humphrey is intelligent, yes; profound, no. Today, when the Presidency has become an excessively omnivorous office, the qualities of the man who occupies it become of the utmost importance. In our judgment Mr. Humphrey lacks the qualities needed.

The Chaos at Columbia

The scenes of chaos, injury and destruction at Columbia University are a striking illustration of what happens when institutions of this kind forfeit public confidence in the legitimacy—in the classical political sense—on which their authority rests. In such cases, the various elements that make up its constituency, so to speak, then lose confidence in the decision-making process, and minorities within these elements feel no obligation to respect it. Dialogue gives way to a struggle for power which, before it is resolved, usually terminates in violence of one degree or another.

At Columbia, the administration has for a long time simply been "out of touch"—with student opinion, with faculty opinion, with the mood of the city, the state, the nation and the world. It has proceeded on the assumption that although the university is in New York City it has no special relation or responsibility toward the community of Harlem. It has, not entirely figuratively, "walled itself off" from the surrounding ghetto. Perched like a fortress on Morningside Heights, the university has been separated from Harlem by a strip of park. It has been a kind of moat, a barrier, a means of keeping poverty at a discreet distance.

The decision to go ahead with plans to build a gym in a section of this park was wrong in principle; it is, after all, a public park. But it was administrative lunacy to proceed with these plans over the opposition of the Harlem community and against the convictions expressed on the campus. However, the administration has been similarly arrogant for years in its relationships with those who live in the surrounding area, where the university has extensive real estate holdings. It has dealt with the tenants in these buildings—Negroes and whites alike—with lofty unconcern for their wishes, their needs and their welfare.

Prof. Marvin Harris has accused President Grayson Kirk, and with aptness, "of not having spoken to anyone under 30 since he was under 30." When administrations with public responsibilities fail to sense and respond to changing moods based on changing realities, the risk is always great that they will forfeit the compact of confidence which is their only valid mandate. In the long run, people of independent mind (a type which universities necessarily foster) will not respect rules or decisions which they had no part in making; and they will certainly not show respect in such situations when they sense that what they think about them is of no concern to those who wield authority.

In all the recent turmoil, Dr. Kirk has been (or has appeared to be) remote; he has not spoken directly to the students. He has dealt with them as an administrator of

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The Nation is published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014, Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Pan America; $2 for foreign postage.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 206*

No. 20

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occupied territory might deal with the natives. Rather like the Johnson Administration, Dr. Kirk has been given a harsh, but deserved, lesson in the limitations of insensitive power.

The question of legitimacy is the key question in the complex of issues underlying the tragedy at Columbia. That some of the student activists, bemused by a *mystique* of guerrilla warfare, seized "hostages" (who were later released) and engaged in other acts which had no discernible relevance to "confrontation" politics à la Herbert Marcuse, is, in the context, a minor issue. That the administration felt compelled to call in the police is tantamount to a confession of incompetence. An administration that is aware of what goes on in today's world, and makes the adjustments which such an awareness suggests, will not need to fall back on the authority of the blackjack and the boot, or to cause the arrest of nearly a thousand of its students.

Voice of the Students

If media broadcasters are searching for models, they would do well to emulate the young men who manned Columbia University's student radio station WKCR around the clock for the duration of the week-long demonstrations. Whatever its views of the issues and tactics, the public needed clear definitions of the positions taken and honest accounts of the events as they occurred.

The staff of WKCR exhibited a fairness which puts to shame the standards of the mass media, and provided a shining contrast to the coverage given by professional commentators. WKCR presented the substantive issues, gave all parties involved a voice, checked all information carefully before making it public—and never lied. Not even during the long night of the police "bust" did the staff allow the outrage, which they later expressed editorially, to distort their information or to alter the clean and literate lines of their objective handling of all views. All sorts of lessons will be drawn from this dismaying event; one of the first that their seniors should study is this example of youthful dedication to truth for the whole community.

Exit Arthur Goldberg

The lot of a U.S. representative to the United Nations is not a happy one, and Arthur Goldberg's departure from that post had been expected for some time. In resigning as head of the U.S. Mission last month, Ambassador Goldberg (or as he preferred to be called, Justice Goldberg) gave no clear public explanation for the timing of his decision. He said that he thought he could better serve the cause of peace as a private citizen and that he was taking advantage of the President's offer to members of his Cabinet, on the day when he announced that he would not seek another term, to accept their resignations now if they so desired. Beyond that somewhat bland statement, it was rumored that Mr. Goldberg had left in anger after protesting the decision to stage the largest U.S. underground nuclear explosion on the opening day of the UN debates on the nonproliferation treaty—a coincidence which he held would prejudice and even sabotage the American presentation of the draft treaty.

Whatever the reason or reasons, it is not difficult to assess the frustrations which beset the Ambassador during the three years of his mandate, and which eventually must have piled up to an unbearable level. Arthur Goldberg came to the United Nations in July, 1965, with hopes which were soon to be revealed as misconceptions, not only of his own role vis-à-vis the international organization but of the role—or rather lack of role—assigned to the UN by present American policy.

Actually, within the limited framework of his functions, those of an Ambassador and not of an Under Secretary of State, Justice Goldberg was able to use his considerable skill to advantage. He showed it especially in prolonged negotiations with the Soviet Union, first on the Kashmir crisis (which erupted soon after he took office), then on the space treaty, and finally last summer in drafting formulas for cease-fire resolutions on the Middle East. In all these areas, the agreements between the American and Soviet delegations which emerged were due to common interests between Washington and Moscow and not to discussions in United Nations corridors or chambers. Yet, from all accounts, Mr. Goldberg's talents as a negotiator transformed vague consensus to precise language and forged decisions which might otherwise have been left up in the air.

In other cases, however, Mr. Goldberg was to discover that international negotiations are very different from labor relations. The interests of both companies and unions are best served by the signing of a contract, whereas national governments may well desire to register opposition to other governments as a matter of policy. This applies, among other cases, to the war in Vietnam and the search for a political settlement in the Middle East.

It has been said many times that Mr. Goldberg disagreed with the Vietnam policies of President Johnson and Secretary Rusk. When he consented to leave the Supreme Court, Mr. Goldberg sincerely believed—or had been led to believe—that he would be able to help promote a negotiated settlement of the Vietnamese conflict through the United Nations. But when on January 31, 1966, he was able at last to obtain from President Johnson a decision that the question of Vietnam be put on the agenda of the Security Council, the White House announced simultaneously the resumption of the bombings of North Vietnam and thus destroyed the credibility of the peace move.

All further utilization of the United Nations by the United States assumed this ambivalent—not to say hypocritical—character: all the speeches of Ambassador Goldberg asking rhetorical questions (and reciprocal concessions) of Hanoi in order to "explore" the possibilities of opening negotiations were echoed by pronouncements from Washington to the effect that American forces would remain in Vietnam until aggression by the North was terminated. The United States Government used the UN not to search for a settlement of the war but for propaganda purposes, both at home and abroad (a tactic which it shares with many other powers). Mr. Goldberg played his part with apparent satisfaction, but it must have become increasingly evident to him that the UN peace button

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was pressed by the Administration more often than not as a gimmick. For instance, when the *Pueblo* was seized, the United States submitted that question to the Security Council concurrently with its calling up of reserves, only to neglect the Council the next day in favor of direct talks with North Korea. Secretary General U Thant's proposals on Vietnam, which Mr. Goldberg favored, were turned down or ignored by Washington. And when the big change came on March 31, and President Johnson dropped his conditions for a partial cessation of bombing, the UN was not in the picture and neither was Ambassador Goldberg. The President had looked elsewhere for his team of negotiators, and the United Nations was not involved even in the exasperating search for a suitable site for preliminary talks.

This, for Arthur Goldberg, must have signified the end of his usefulness. He had had to battle the State Department—on whose side he was supposed to be—in order to present views palatable to the majority of the international community. He had had to take personal abuse from Arab delegates, who accused him of bending U.S. Middle East policy to Zionist aims, although he took pains to reflect meticulously the almost balanced stand of Washington.

Like Adlai Stevenson, also a "prestige" appointee from outside the diplomatic ranks, Arthur Goldberg misjudged the scope of his job and his influence. Both men were the victims of an inherent contradiction of U.S. policy, which seeks to create an image of internationalism and flexibility in the United Nations, while largely ignoring the world organization and pursuing nationalistic aims, in peace as in war. It was Mr. Goldberg's image which became blurred, and he left to seek a new focus.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Poor Poor and Rich Rich

If the Poor People's Campaign needed documentation to support their demands, it has been abundantly provided, and from irrefutable sources. There is first of all the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, a twenty-five-member panel of distinguished public figures, their staff work financed by foundation money and with Walter Reuther in the top spot. Highlights: four-fifths of the population are more affluent than any other people in history, but the nation is disgraced by the fact that the other fifth lives in abject poverty. The report pinpoints 256 "hunger counties," and proves that the term is no more than soberly descriptive.

It proposes specific remedies: food for the needy, with distribution *not* administered by the Department of Agriculture—which, according to Robert Kennedy, has failed to reach 80 per cent of the poor and "in the face of overwhelming need returned more than $200 million in available funds to the Treasury, money that should have gone to feed these people." The report strikes hard at subsidies for rich farmers, an area in which the Department of Agriculture seems to be much more effective than it is in feeding the hungry. In 1967 alone, nine large landowners received a total of more than $14 million from one or a combination of farm programs "designed to encourage, promote and strengthen the family farm"!

If more evidence is needed, it is provided in *The People Left Behind,* a report of the President's National Advisory Commission on Rural Poverty, just released. This details the plight of 14 million rural poor, including 3 million rural adults classified as illiterates (whites, incidentally, outnumber nonwhites). These outcasts are piled up in rural areas, waiting, many of them, to move into the cities and add to what we call the "urban poor."

The urban poor and the rural poor are basically alike in that both groups live more or less outside the market economy, and also outside the political economy: politics is mostly about who gets what, or doesn't. One reason why affluent America largely ignores them is that they are not organized to make noise—to demand, for instance, subsidies of the kind we bestow on corporate farms, the aerospace industry, the military contractors.

They are not heard, they are not seen. The Poor People's Campaign proposes to bring them to the national capital and there give them a forum, coverage, exposure, so that affluent America, and the politicians representing it, cannot avert their eyes and ears. That project was Martin Luther King's legacy to his country, and the Reverend Abernathy and his colleagues are carrying on what he would have done.

To bring the poor within the market economy, they must be given jobs; accordingly, an intensive public relations campaign has been mounted to make the poor feel that private industry is girding itself to give them work. With its usual acute sense of realism, *The Wall Street Journal* has disposed of this illusion. To be sure, many dedicated citizens in positions of influence are on committees organized for this task, and some of them are working at it; but hardly a dent would be made in the plight of the jobless if all the efforts now proposed were to prove successful. The Johnson-Humphrey Administration has plans for subsidizing business to hire and train some 500,000 men and women over a three-year period, with a goal of 100,000 during the next year. The 500,000 total averages out to about 3,500 per year in each of fifty cities. This falls absurdly short of the need. Washington's quota is 2,000 jobs; estimates of the capital city's hard-core unemployed vary from 8,000 to 12,000. That is as of now. but the rural poor are still seeping in and will probably keep pace with such employment as the government is able to generate with expensive subsidies.

The whole basis of this campaign is dubious. Business is out to make money, and when it needs people it hires and trains them at its own expense. If the problem is to be solved, it will probably end up with public works and

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with the government as the "employer of last resort."

Across the tracks and up the hill from all this misery, *Fortune*, the unofficial organ of big business, comes out in the May issue with some interesting statistics. To be a millionaire nowadays is, among the really rich, almost to bear the stigma of poverty. The present mark of success is to be a "centimillionaire"—you don't belong unless you are worth at least a hundred million, and from that entrance fee the elite go on up into the $1 billion to $1.5 billion class, J. Paul Getty and Howard Hughes being in that enviable position. The astronomical gap between the really rich and the really poor is discussed in the same issue by Max Ways in "The Dynamite in Rising Expectations." The affluent society that American capitalism has wrought in the sixties may be more dangerous to the unrocked boat than the collapse of the economy in the thirties. The Poor People's March will be a long time passing the reviewing stand of the American dilemma.

CAMPUS UNDER SIEGE

WHY STUDENTS SEIZE POWER

LOUIS S. LEVINE

Mr. Levine, professor of psychology at San Francisco State College (on leave), is at present associate director for research of the Center for Research and Education in American Liberties at Columbia University and Teachers College, and director of research for the Division of Rehabilitation Services, Department of Psychiatry, Harlem Hospital.

Early in the morning of April 30, the week-long siege of Columbia University was ended. Police recaptured the five buildings held by activists, mostly students. More than 700 arrests were reported and approximately 150 persons were injured. Classes remained suspended and the division between students and administration widened.

The use of the police has intensified anti-administration attitudes. Many members of the faculty, previously aloof from the fray, are at this point highly critical of their administration. An official faculty committee composed of eight distinguished senior scholars and two junior members of the instructional staff was appointed to meet with representatives of the trustees, administration and students for the purpose of returning the university to operations as close to normal as possible.

As the substantive issues of this confrontation—the building of a gymnasium on a largely granite-covered little park used by the community, and the university's participation in the activities of the Institute for Defense Analysis—did not represent the beginning of the conflict, neither did the clearance of the buildings represent its end. True, the advantage of being able to command overwhelming force was demonstrated, but it is unlikely that this physical display will either resolve or limit the eventual outcome of the Columbia crisis.

As I write, the future course of the Columbia upheaval is in doubt, but the issues of war and peace present in this confrontation between students and college administration have been evident across the country in past campus crises, and they will increasingly become focal points of contention as the issues themselves intensify and as student militancy correspondingly increases. The following impressions, though expressed in general terms, derive from specific student-university confrontations that have occurred at various schools in the recent past.

The most significant point, which is not perceived by most faculties, administrations and boards of trustees or regents is simply that students possess a great deal of power. If a very small percentage of students decides to employ that power, they can bring any academic institution to a halt. Further, there is in most communities a committed nonstudent minority which will line up with the students if the situation reaches crisis proportions. Given this fact of student power, and putting aside the issues of the means employed or the ends toward which the power is directed, several questions seem particularly relevant. Can university trustees, administrations and faculties be made to understand the degree of actual power that a small minority of students can mobilize? Must colleges and universities undergo crisis situations in order to develop appropriate policies and procedures for handling student-university confrontations? What issues complicate the resolution of campus crises?

It is possible that the degree of actual power that a minority of students can mobilize is underestimated or misperceived simply because students have not so behaved in the past. Although this may be partially true as far as the post-World War II population of students is concerned, a more inclusive explanation would have to cover several additional points. A critical consideration is that faculty, administration and students do not form monolithic groups. There seems to be a tendency on the part of all parties to a campus confrontation to perceive and treat one another as if they were homogeneous. Administrators or professors define their roles according to traditional functions; this role definition is one which increasing numbers of students concerned with Vietnam, the racial issue, and the economic and political scene reject as inappropriate and unrelated to their lives. Within that portion of the student population which may be termed disenchanted but not alienated, there are those committed to changing the system by working within it, those concerned with retribution for past and present wrongs, and those committed to revolution. These students are intellectually alert, highly critical, and ever ready to condemn the "Establishment." Faculty and administrators who see themselves as the dispensers of knowledge and the stimulators of rational inquiry, and who value a sense of de-

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tachment from the hurly-burly of the market place, lump the dissenters into such groups as "poor students," "neurotics," "undisciplined people" or "anarchists." They all fail to fit the old mold of the "good" (read docile) student.

The difficulties of changing one's style of perception are matched by the difficulties of changing one's style of professional life. Many faculty who have endeavored to reach the activists have done so in their own particular intellectual fashion and within their own role perceptions, and this has often resulted in considerable frustration. To these professors, the students may appear to lack knowledge or a capacity for logical thinking and rational analysis. Further, if the faculty member or administrative official has contact with a member or members of a black student group, he may extrapolate his observations of those students to the members of Students for a Democratic Society, or vice versa, thus failing to differentiate among the dissenting groups. There is often an additional failure to see that many segments of opinion exist within each of the groups, in which case opinions as to who the students are and what they are tend to be both inaccurate and inadequate.

One of the serious misperceptions of dissenting students, at least at the leadership level, is the extent of their distrust of faculty and administration, and their disenchantment, to varying degrees, with conventional dialogue as a means to social change. This point was recently made by a high school student at a conference on "Students and Society" sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who stated that "dialogue assumes a common set of assumptions and goals; and in their absence, dialogue is only a way of avoiding change."

Although the range of student activist groups is wide and the differences between the objectives, tactics and rhetoric of black and white organizations are marked, they share a considerable interest in revolutionary strategy. Professors, on the other hand, even those in the relevant fields which have brought them into contact with the history of revolutionary events, have not had either experience in or knowledge of the tactics of confrontation. Many faculty and administrators think of dissenting students in terms of the 1963-64 civil rights movement; they now should be studying the writings of Frantz Fanon, Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara.

The failure on the part of the faculty and the administration to appreciate the actual power which a small minority of students can mobilize leads directly to the need to formulate in advance procedures for negotiation whereby disputes can be resolved *before* they become actual showdowns. As long as a college president and his immediate supportive administrative staff believe that their students will never become militant, laying siege to buildings, disrupting classrooms, or holding administrative officers hostage, they are not likely to think seriously how they should respond to such uprisings. And yet the "business as usual" mechanisms of the university or college are poorly adapted to rapid decision making. Part of the reflective posture of the academic world is to "carefully study" problems that require either faculty recommendations or administrative decisions. The diversity among student groups is probably exceeded only by the divisions within any faculty. Hence, it is indeed a rare occasion when a faculty expresses its overwhelming support of a given position, as was the case at Berkeley in December, 1964, or at San Francisco State in December, 1967. But in both of these instances one important issue served to unify the faculty: groups outside the university were pressing to fragment or limit the traditional prerogatives of the institution. Often on occasions of direct clash between student opinion and administrative policy, the faculty has

Waite, The Sun (London)

lacked an apparatus for making its opinions known or its influence felt. Depending upon the matter at hand, faculty organization ranges from small units such as departments to the total faculty which is convened on special occasions for either academic or ceremonial purposes but which rarely operates as a legislative entity. Frequently, the pattern is for representative groups such as academic councils or senates to advise and counsel the administration. In its turn, the administration is often either restricted in fact, or believes itself restricted by the policies, procedures and past decisions of the board of regents or trustees. In this situation, the speed and cogency of the president's decision, when attempting to deal with a student confrontation, may be dependent not only upon his capacity to comprehend the nature of the situation—and of course on his courage —but also on his perception of his own relationship to his trustees.

Student activist groups that press for confrontation are well aware that the prolongation of actual disruption of the campus produces pressures that polarize the position of trustees, administration, faculty, students and members of the community. Student militants have learned well the dynamics of conflict. They understand that the initial or precipitating incidents either can be restricted or can be fanned out to include a host of related or unrelated grievances, and they can choose the method most advantageous to them. The militants will generally be quite clear about what constitutes the substance of their grievances and the tactics to be employed in pressing for confrontation. In some instances those confrontations, which place the administration in the most untenable posi-

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tion, may appear to be entirely tactical from the observer's frame of reference, but the militant's objective is to make clear the repressive and oppressive forces which a university can exert, usually through the local police, and this constitutes an end in itself because it can broaden the constituency of the militant groups. In this connection, the militants understand the distinctions between the political and mediator roles which may be performed on their behalf by sympathetic members of the faculty. The mediating efforts of the moderate or liberal, well-intentioned faculty interventionists may be summarily dismissed because they constitute an obstacle to violent confrontation.

Of the issues complicating the resolution of campus crises, some of the thorniest relate to the subsequent treatment of students who have disrupted the university. Although various patterns of faculty and student advisory boards and councils exist within many institutions, the actual responsibility for disciplinary action resides with the president, who may or may not be restricted by the trustees in the delegation of this authority to disciplinary committees composed of faculty, students and administrative staff.

Militant groups recognize that no matter what stipulations or concessions are offered, they must inevitably hold out to the extent possible for total amnesty for all participants. At this point the nature of the conflict moves from substantive grievances into disputes over the operation of the university and past administrative decisions and procedures. And at this point, faculties and administrations that have been capriciously indifferent to the attitudes of students in the past will cite polls of students indicating that the majority supports punitive action against the dissenters. The hard-line, law and order position will be taken up by certain intellectuals on the faculty, the "jocks" and the trustees. Their rhetoric varies from the position that concession to the demands of the minority encourages further rebellion to the simple wish of the "jocks" and "freddies" to have a legitimatized chance to demonstrate their masculinity.

When the crisis approaches its peak, the president must formulate a plan to punish the offenders. The initial difficulty at this stage is to define the offender. If the criterion is to be a legal one and judged by the courts, what evidence is available to prosecute, and can actions such as suspension be taken by the university prior to court judgment without prejudicing the cases? If the definition is to be made within the university, the offense must still be specified. Is the student who enters a classroom while a lecture is going on and politely asks the instructor for permission to make a one-minute announcement guilty of "interfering with the normal processes of the university"? If the president takes a "soft" position, he risks the wrath not only of his board of trustees but also of many members of his student body, faculty and the community. This is an amount of pressure and force which few administrators are strong enough to resist.

The issue often requires a long-range perspective, wherein the president finds his position utterly untenable. Will a university that has failed to respond to the needs and interests of a significant minority of its students serve its own interests by taking a "hard line"? If outside police are called in and charges filed, the president has publicly acknowledged his incompetence and the incompetence of his institution to deal with its own students. If he does not, and the crisis is prolonged, there is a vivid possibility, particularly in urban centers and specifically when the issues relate to race or peace, that community support will flow in to assist the student activists. And if such outside assistance does come and violence occurs, the president will then be subject to the criticisms of those who equate law and order with justice.

The president who does call in outside force to clear a building or put down a demonstration violates the intellectual conscience of many within the academic community who may be sympathetic to the students' cause though in disagreement with their methods. The academic community—or at least a segment of it—will see the use of outside force as representing a failure in the power of reason, intellectual persuasion and open dialogue. Sensitive to such concerns, the administration may call upon its faculty or some representative group or council for advice and may also ask for the consultative assistance of the local police. The territorial integrity of the university will usually be respected by the police who will, in effect, wait for the call, although they may take preliminary steps such as establishing command posts, communication centers, and drawing up their own strategies for dealing with the disturbance. But in the end, the critical decision of whether to call the police onto the campus and in force rests with the president. Given a disturbance that forces this question, one course of action will bring a president about as much criticism as another—he will not only lose either way but in most instances he will be unable even to lose gracefully.

The prolongation of siege states due to bickering over degrees of punishment can well be viewed as an effort to save dying institutions by knocking off the students who represent forces of change. Whether these changes are undesirable or offensive to some, or even if the ultimate judgment of history proves them wrong, to deny the presence of such social forces is to deny reality and thereby divert the university from one of its major endeavors.

What then is the reality? Or, more accurately, what are some of the realities reflected in the campus crises? The first and most obvious to everyone except the do-business-as-usual folks of the university and non-university world is that significant changes are occurring in a society which is being torn apart by its racism, its pursuit of an unpopular war, and its bureaucratic breakdown. The committed youth are not dropouts, but they see their professors as "copouts," who are often anti-ideological, and view dialogue as a convenient way to forestall action. Above all, the youth want action. They do not want to be patronized, lectured to, or ritualistically listened to; they want to be heard and they want a fast response. Lacking it, they will act, whether wisely or unwisely; they will use the power they have and, ultimately, they will move the university closer to what it should be—not a sheltered community of scholars detached from a dying world but rather a community of individuals seeking the truths that will, in fact as well as in words, set men free.

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LETTER FROM CAPE TOWN

TELLING IT IN AFRIKAANS

STANLEY MEISLER
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Complete apartheid reigns at the winery of fictional Jock Silberstein: white wine is bottled by colored girls in white uniforms while red wine is bottled by white girls in brown uniforms. Jock Silberstein is a creation of Etienne Leroux, an Afrikaner novelist who explores sex, evil and decadence, and sometimes treats Afrikaners and apartheid with mocking irony. By doing so, Leroux and André P. Brink, another Afrikaner novelist who is like him, desert the traditional way of the pastoral, patriotic and puritanical Afrikaans novel. The Afrikaner literary set in South Africa likes to describe the new novels of Leroux and Brink as "the renaissance in Afrikaans prose." That's overblowing it, but the novels do have significance, for politics as well as art.

Afrikaner nationalists have long looked on their language, which comes from 17th-century Dutch, as more than a means of expression; to them, it is an end in itself. Using Afrikaans glorifies nationalism. Extreme nationalist Afrikaners, convinced that Leroux and Brink use it in a way that soils Afrikaner nationalism, now condemn the two writers as traitors to their culture.

After the Boer War, Afrikaners, descendants of the early Dutch settlers, tried to avenge the humiliation and indignities of their defeat by intensifying their belief in the worth of ther own culture. They removed their sons from the Boy Scouts and put them into the *Voortrekkers*. They patronized Afrikaner banks, attended weekly meetings of the Afrikaans cultural society, voted for a political party, the Nationalist Party, that preached the need to keep Afrikaner culture pure and isolated. They became a people who, according to one conceit, lived in a house that had mirrors instead of windows.

Afrikaans became the second official language, replacing Dutch. Afrikaners founded the first Afrikaans newspaper, translated the Bible into Afrikaans, wrote textbooks in Afrikaans, and began teaching their children in Afrikaans at school.

Novelists who wrote in the language were patriots more than artists, and their work showed it. They glorified Afrikanerdom and the Boer War, dwelt on rural and village life, and wrote heroic sagas with unsullied Afrikaner heroes.

Leroux and Brink reacted against this when they began writing in the early 1960s. They wrote in Afrikaans not because it was patriotic to do so but because it was their native language and therefore the best means of expressing their feelings and ideas. Calling themselves the *sestigers* (Afrikaans for "the men of the sixties"), Leroux and Brink were influenced more by the literary fashions of Europe and America than by the glory of the Boer War.

This new approach, especially its frankness about sex, shocked an Afrikaner society dominated by the Calvinist Dutch Reformed Church, a society that bans, under its obscenity laws, publications like *Playboy* or *Valley of the Dolls*. Leroux and Brink have stepped very carefully. Their sex scenes, in fact, seem tame by any standard except that of the Afrikaners.

South Africa also bans books which the government deems politically offensive. Leroux and Brink have not written any diatribes against apartheid. Their publishers, Human and Rousseau of Cape Town, insist that they are nonpolitical writers. Yet that is true only up to a point for, like almost everything else in South Africa, their books cannot help reflecting some aspect of race and politics. Leroux and Brink, however, deal with these matters in special, undogmatic and quiet ways.

So far, only two of their novels have been translated into English. The first and most important is Leroux's *Seven Days at the Silbersteins,* published in Afrikaans in 1962 and in English in the United States last year. In tones of symbolism and decadence that recall Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* the novel is a story of a fall from innocence. The family of a young Afrikaner, Henry Van Eeden, engage him to marry Salome, a daughter of the Silbersteins, wealthy Jewish owners of a Cape vineyard. He had never met the girl when he arrives at *Welgevonden,* the Silberstein estate, to spend seven days with his designated in-laws.

In the first six days, he experiences six dances: of the rich, the artists and the farmers, then a wild integrated masquerade, a dance of the intellectuals, and a *Walpurgisnacht*. By then, he has begun to experience his fall: "the loss of grace, the birth of consciousness, the twilight state of realization, the curse of reason." On the final day, he meets Salome.

The fourth day is devoted to apartheid, a subject that Leroux treats with his special irony. At night, the Silbersteins stage their wild, frenzied, multiracial masquerade for Henry, a party followed by rioting and fire in the native village of the plantation. It takes Henry's future father-in-law, Jock Silberstein, until noon of the next day to restore order. Henry then joins the dance of the intellectuals who, unaware of any disorder, are concerned with less real aspects of apartheid. "Tell me, Doctor, if an albino is born of native parents, could you describe someone like him as a native?," a journalist asks a social anthropologist.

The second novel is Brink's *The Ambassador* (1963). Greatly inferior to Leroux's book, it reads like an exercise by a college student who has read too much in James Joyce and fills his notebooks with streams of consciousness. It is trite and wooden. The book's faults as a novel, however, are related to its significance as a breakthrough in Afrikaans writing. Brink has made a studied attempt to get away from the old Afrikaans prose and write a modern novel. His hero is a stolid, solid Afrikaner cliché, South Africa's ambassador to France, who suc-

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cumbs to love in Paris and, at 56, discovers that, ach, he has never really lived before. Sex is celebrated and adherence to South African duty is ridiculed. This is old stuff, but not in Afrikaans.

The significance of the new Afrikaans writing may be more political than literary. From an artistic view, Leroux, though not Brink, can probably join English writers like Alan Paton and Nadine Gordimer on any list of distinguished South African novelists. Non-Afrikaans readers will be better able to judge this in the next year or so when the rest of Leroux's novels are translated into English. From a political view, however, the significance is clearer. Writers like Leroux and Brink reflect and intensify the forces in South Africa that are pushing the white supremacist Afrikaner out of his isolation and into a modern world.

In fact, a public controversy over *Seven Days at the Silbersteins* first made the rest of South Africa aware that there were splits among white Afrikaners; that all did not think alike. In 1964, the South African Academy of Arts and Sciences, an organization of distinguished Afrikaners, awarded its annual Hertzog Literary Prize to Leroux for the novel. This enraged extreme nationalists in the academy. They protested publicly and spent the next three years trying to take over the academy's governing committee.

The extremists failed, but their battle caught public attention. South Africans noticed that extreme and liberal Afrikaners were fighting also over other issues. Newspapers began to call one group the *verkramptes* or "the cramped, constricted ones," and the other the *verligtes* or "the enlightened ones." The fight between *verligtes* and *verkramptes,* the most significant political development in South Africa in a decade, was brought into the light. South Africans suddenly realized that new ideas and fresh doubts had infiltrated some of the thinking of a small group of the dominant white Afrikaners.

In the last twenty years, two forces have cracked the monolithic isolation and dourness of Afrikanerdom. The first is urbanization. The Boers have come to the cities and been caught in all the traps of industrial society. This has made the Afrikaner more educated, more sophisticated, more aware of the rest of the world. A few Afrikaners have become capitalists and industrial managers and been forced to face the contradictions of a policy of apartheid in an industrialized economy.

The second force is success. After twenty years of control over South Africa and of defiance of the United Nations, the Afrikaner nationalist hardly feels the need any more to shore up his inner strength by intensifying his identity with fellow Afrikaners. He can afford to relax a bit, think for himself, even test a few new ideas. As a result, in the words of one well-known Afrikaner judge: "We are beginning to realize that we can't isolate ourselves, that we can't stop the world and get off, that we must change."

Actually, only a few Afrikaners have changed, at least to the point where it matters. But their presence and influence have frightened extreme nationalists into vitriolic attacks on what they consider a new and dangerous threat to the purity of their culture. Besides denouncing the novels, the extremists have centered their attacks on Prime Minister John Vorster's entertainment of black leaders and diplomats from other countries, the encouragement of immigration of foreign whites, and the agreement to assemble a single Olympic team from members of different races.

Measured against South Africa's racial problems, these are piddling issues. If the *verkramptes* and *verligtes* are fighting only about sexy novels, black diplomats, Greek immigrants and colored sprinters, their rift is insignificant. But, when you talk in private with *verligtes* about the future, it becomes clear that the gap between them and other Afrikaner nationalists is wide and perhaps significant.

The *verligtes* believe in a sincere, thorough and speedy implementation of the Bantustan policy set down by the late Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd. To them, unlike other Afrikaners, the Bantustans are not a sham designed to divert the world's attention from apartheid. *Verligtes* want South Africa to develop the Bantustans or African tribal homelands and give them independence. At the same time, they want the government to end racial discrimination in the rest of the country, the so-called white areas.

On the surface, these views are neither startling nor acceptable. But the significance of the *verligtes* lies less in what they believe now than in what they may come to believe later. They are practical and thoughtful men who intend to face up to all the implications and contradictions of their convictions. In the years ahead, the *verligtes* will probably go through two crises that could determine whether they will ever become a force for change.

The first crisis will come when evidence and logic force *verligtes* to realize that the Bantustans, as set up now, will never work. Some *verligtes* understand this already and are talking about partition, perhaps giving Africans half of South Africa, including some industrial areas.

Furthermore, *verligtes* will have to realize that no matter how you divide South Africa, the so-called white areas will always have sizable permanent African populations. Africans, who may even be in the majority, will demand the vote as well as an end to social discrimination in these areas. *Verligtes* will either accept the implications or give up and withdraw into white supremacy.

The second crisis will come from the calumny that traditional Afrikanerdom will heap upon the upstarts. Even if *verligtes* believe in partition and the African vote, their beliefs will be meaningless if they are afraid to express them. So far, their record has been poor. They have refrained from saying what they really believe and contented themselves instead with making fun of the *verkramptes*. This caution probably comes from the realization that most other Afrikaner voters care nothing about Bantustans or Africans. Their creed is white supremacy.

Change is in the air in South Africa. But the timidity of the *verligtes* and the strength of their opposition may shackle modern men in the long run, turning them into a small class of intellectuals who talk dreamily of change and do nothing. If so, South Africa will lose one of its last slim chances for a peaceful way out of its racial binds.

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REQUIEM FOR THE GREAT SOCIETY

MASON DRUKMAN
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When President Johnson asked his fellow Americans not to allow the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., to lead to increased violence, to further divisiveness, his appeal could evoke only a cynical response from most of his listeners. Whatever emotions Johnson could once awaken he had long since rubbed raw; whatever leadership capital he possessed had been squandered in the pursuit of his Vietnamese policy. It made little difference that only a few days earlier Johnson had announced his withdrawal from the campaign in order to "raise the Presidency above politics" and "promote unity" in a badly divided nation. Such displays of "statesmanship" came much too late. Not even the assumption that he had the highest of motives, that his "sacrifice" was entirely unrelated to the next day's Gallup Poll or the impending defeat in Wisconsin, could redeem Johnson. He had so vitiated the authority of his office that it somehow seemed appropriate for the country to bid him farewell through the "Thank you, Lyndon" signs which Washington hippies paraded in front of the White House. Presidential prestige had so deteriorated when the country was grief-stricken, shocked and enraged by Dr. King's assassination, and Johnson stood helpless, except to engage in still another application of force. After Memphis, the people stood in desperate need of political and spiritual leadership, but by then the Johnson Administration had become a moral and political tragedy.

To those who view the Johnson years as primarily an exercise in tawdriness and duplicity the word *tragedy* might seem a grotesque inflation of terminology. Tragedy, one might argue, pertains to ambitions far nobler than those of the Great Society or the War on Poverty. I shall try to suggest why this position is misconceived, why the fall of the House of Johnson has tragic implications for all of us.

I am a political theorist and I must confess that I found (and still find) the *concept* of the Great Society enormously compelling. It embodied a vision of something more than a society based on consensus. It described a nation founded upon and energized by a sense of community: a society in which none would suffer the degradation of want, where all would enjoy equally the advantages of education, progress and public service, where all could link arms as brothers and strive together to achieve a nation whose greatness was not only material but aesthetic and spiritual, where equality and justice would not be regarded as the shibboleths of institutionalized hypocrisy. This plea for community argued that the current of progress was wide enough to include everyone, and that no citizen should be cast adrift or left caught in the eddies of social disadvantage or economic deprivation. And the War on Poverty was a perfect device to make the quest for the Great Society operational, for the reference to warfare suggested a total mobilization of the nation's resources against an enemy common, in one way or another, to every segment of society. The Great Society, in short, provided a national purpose to which American citizens and public officials alike could dedicate themselves; the War on Poverty provided a framework within which Americans could work together as a community to achieve their national purpose.

Surely the call to seek the Great Society was a call to nobility, a call far clearer and more compelling than that which had issued from the New Frontier. I would argue, in fact, that the Great Society idea stands unique in the annals of recent American politics. In this century, for example, the Great Society notion compares very favorably to its political predecessors; it was broader and more profound than either Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism or Wilson's New Freedom and it possessed more consistency and sense of direction than did FDR's New Deal. Had the Great Society doctrines been taken at their word and been implemented with even partial success, the resultant accomplishment would have constituted a genuine triumph for democratic politics and guaranteed for Lyndon B. Johnson an illustrious place in history. That the Great Society failed so miserably must be regarded as a defeat of tragic proportions.

Of course, there were reasons at the outset not to accept Johnson's doctrines at face value. For one thing, his rhetorical style raised doubts. Johnson's speeches, alternately saccharine and mail-fisted, did little to inspire a vision of greatness or vivify a lethargic population. Even more distracting, although not clearly perceived by many, was the paradoxical nature of a call for community arising from the political mainstream. The traditional political approach had been to settle for a sufficient modicum of consensus based upon the preservation of law and order. And the American pattern of consensus falls considerably short of a genuine sense of community. Consensus suggests a system in which individuals or groups pursue their own specific goals, where interests must compromise with other interests in order to obtain at least part of what they want, and where all interests are generally expected to agree to the same "rules of the game." Community, on the other hand, ties men together in a common enterprise and engenders in each a feeling for the well-being of all citizens. Community presupposes that citizens can depend upon one another in a fundamental way for social, economic and even psychological support. Thus, it seemed odd that Johnson, a consensus practitioner of long standing, should transcend his background in political brokerage for a new position of such radical dimension.

The truth is that Johnson never really transcended his past experience. His political style was fixed, and it was probably inevitable that his program should be sundered by the age-old tension between ends and means. While the Great Society's stated objectives were equal to our

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highest aspirations, Johnson failed to understand that these goals could never be reached by the traditional methods of interest politics. He preached equality of opportunity, justice and brotherhood, but engaged in a political enterprise whose blatant motto was: "Jump aboard boys, there's something here for everybody—everybody, that is, who agrees to play ball."

The tip-off came very early when Johnson's first response to racial explosions in the South was to call together the businessmen of the area and explain to them why their image might be impaired by continued unrest. His program as a whole suggested that the new community, the end to poverty, deprivation and bigotry, could be realized with a philosophy which assumed business as usual, no fundamental alteration of outlook and, until Vietnam got totally out of hand, even a reduced and balanced budget. It should have been apparent to everyone, especially to those progressive-minded intellectuals who remained on the Johnson team, that such a program would inevitably founder.

Especially ironic in the light of later events was the fact that Negroes, more than any other segment of the population, tended to take Johnson's call to greatness seriously. In supporting Johnson, black leaders were asking that white society willingly open its arms and unlock its doors. At its loftiest, the Negro aspiration demonstrated a genuine commitment to equalitarianism, to a sense of mutual reliance and brotherhood. This was the dream of Dr. King and this also was the hope of James Baldwin who, in *The Fire Next Time*, imagined an America purified by a national unity born of a collective, biracial response to a common exigency.

When this did not occur, it simply meant that Baldwin's worst predictions would be fulfilled—and they have been. One must bear in mind that mass violence in the ghetto is of fairly recent origin, and that its appearance is not just a reaction to a continued life of poverty and squalor but even more a response of utter rage against a Great Society promise that failed to live up to its own word. That Dr. King had the forbearance to hold out hope even after the program had shown its true character was either a tribute to his saintliness or a commentary on his naiveté.

I said earlier that even partial fulfillment of the Great Society would have meant a good deal. But even partial success was impossible once the Vietnamese War went its terrible way. While Johnson, as Robert Sherrill has pointed out, had a long history of illiberality in foreign policy matters, his strategy of escalation seems to have been, at least in the beginning, as much a function of unconcern with foreign affairs as of hard-line attitudes.

In almost mindless fashion, Johnson continued in office all of the *Realpolitik* academics who had taken power with Kennedy. As Noam Chomsky and others have shown, these men are not objective social scientists but rather ideologues who conceal a virulent anti-communism beneath their "policy science" methodology and their balance-of-power lexicon. They were dominated by cold-war perspectives and this position meant that all dialogues about alternatives of policy took place within the given context of counterinsurgency and the imperatives of mutual security

Abu (London)

agreements. In this context, Vietnam could proceed in only one direction. Whether or not Johnson was personally committed to such views, he became committed to the men who held them, for the politics of interest places a higher premium on loyalty to men than it does on fidelity to position. It was not long, therefore, before defense of policy and defense of men coincided, and Johnson himself, despite his training in the school of compromise, grew almost into a caricature of the anti-Communist ideologue. Once that happened, the Great Society was doomed.

It is not certain that this consequence was unavoidable. If Vietnam had not so dominated the scene and, more important, if Johnson had used the enormous political advantage gained from his election more constructively, the Great Society might have had at least a fighting chance. Despite its unwieldiness and its tendency to be heavy-handed, governmental leadership can help direct and even provide the galvanizing ingredient in the attempt to achieve a decent society. Most of those in the New Left who have eschewed national programs and have concentrated on local organizing have for many reasons found the going very difficult. In the first place, they have confronted massive apathy on the part of their "constituency." Second, they have been forced to deal with the intractable problem of organizing without really creating an organization—that is, they have attempted to form isolated individuals into an effective political body without falling into the pitfalls of bureaucratic authoritarianism which beset all organizations once they have become established. Finally, they have continually had to deviate from their course in order to fight rear-guard actions against the counterattacks of local establishments. Leadership at the national level can deal with all of these problems.

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Apathy, for example, can be overcome only as the cynicism of the impoverished is mitigated. And this will not happen until the poor feel that what becomes of them makes a difference, that a national policy exists to demonstrate that the nation cares about them and regards them as legitimate citizens. Similarly with local organizations. So far as I know, the only way to combat the inexorable growth of bureaucratic structure is to provide an external purpose to which all members of the organization are committed *and* feel some confidence in attaining. Bureaucratic rationalization invades all organizations. This must be acknowledged and accepted at the outset. The problem is not how to avoid the phenomenon but how to keep the inevitable pettiness, red tape and routinization of procedure from becoming so powerful that they strangle the organization. Demoralization in Peace Corps and VISTA programs, with which I am familiar, has occurred precisely when the participants have become convinced that bureaucratic imperatives are more important to the leaders than the goals of the program. When substantive goals and purposeful leadership vacate the field, procedural mechanisms can be counted upon to occupy the territory.

Local power structures can be dealt with most effectively when organizers are supported from Washington. It takes strong leadership dedicated to principle to avoid the compromises and capitulations which are typically made to parochial establishments. I personally saw a creative and productive Upward Bound program scuttled because federal authorities would not defend the program directors against local conservative factions. It would have taken only a modest endorsement by the national office to have resolved the matter differently. Such support could and should have been forthcoming and, if the Administration had been truly interested in advancing the War on Poverty, it would have been forthcoming. But while support from the top is vital and must be strong, it must not be accompanied by a dogmatic insistence upon centralized control. A grasping hold on power from above is the quickest way to produce alienation and apathy in the local elements.

Just how strong the national commitment must be is indicated by the fact that much of the nation is at best ambivalent about its own professed ideals. The Kerner committee's conclusion that America is a racist society should not have surprised many informed observers. The survey research findings of innumerable social scientists have shown time and again that the majority of Americans neither practice nor understand the specific applications of civil rights and social equality, even as they espouse the most general formulations of the American creed. The next leader of a Great Society program, if there is to be one, must be able to grip this situation. He must, by example and a judicious and dignified use of his office, construct a public policy which brings American political behavior and the lofty goals of American idealism more closely into harmony.

The possibility of such an accomplishment presupposes that it is not already too late, that militarism, racism and corruption have not become so deeply implanted in the American system that they can be rooted out only through the use of revolutionary force. It also presupposes that the alienation of black America has not passed beyond the point of amelioration. Neither of these assumptions is palpably demonstrable. The absolute hegemony of the military perspective during the last twenty-five years is undeniable. It is equally important that over a long historical development American conceptions of liberty and equality have come to be defined almost exclusively in economic terms, translated into doctrines of economic individualism and the defense of property rights. With the essential components of American democracy so understood, it is difficult to be optimistic, particularly when economic self-aggrandizement has so frequently been achieved at the expense of the poor. The realization of this fact has driven many blacks beyond recall. The most visible leadership in the movement (now that Dr. King is gone) has grown increasingly estranged.

It is foolish to think that the black masses will remain stationary, waiting patiently for white society to accommodate them. Perhaps it is true, as some have argued, that Dr. King's death represents the "worst" moment, before things get better, that it is the critical event which will engender a policy of genuine reform. What is even clearer, however, is that with his death black Americans, leaders and followers alike, have escalated their militancy and that if no new sense of community and purpose develops throughout the nation, it is probably now realistic to forecast the Apocalypse Next Time.

AUDITING A THINK TANK

The Profit and Loss of Herman Kahn

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A glimpse into the cogs and synapses of a "think factory" is afforded by a recent report of the U. S. General Accounting Office after an audit of the Hudson Institute, Inc. (Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.), Herman Kahn's "nonprofit" corporation engaged in research, study and analysis relating to national security and international order.

Three Civil Defense (OCD) contracts having a total value of about $600,000 (of about $5 million in U. S. contracts to Hudson from July, 1961, through 1966) were reviewed. The U.S. auditors found that the OCD judged most of the work to be valueless, "a rehash," "superficial," and further that virtually no records were

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kept either at Hudson or OCD on how money had been spent or how progress had been monitored by the government.

Hudson Institute, Inc., is classified as a "Federal Contract Research Center," one of about 100 such institutions exclusively or substantially financed by the government whose primary products are technical and policy advice, information and formulation of planning options and concepts. Their main tools are assorted Ph.Ds, computers, blackboards, pads and pencils, and walnut conference rooms for brain-storm sessions. Officially they are engaged in a form of research and development known as "software," distinguished from the 400 R&D firms engaged in actual laboratory work, engineering, or "systems management" of weapon development (the latter mostly by industrial profit firms) which together absorb 17 billion public dollars each year.

Hudson is modeled after its parent, the RAND Corporation (a "university without students"). The auditors note that Hudson's establishment in 1961 was facilitated because government officials wished to insure the availability of the expertise of Herman Kahn. By incorporating himself, Dr. Kahn guaranteed his availability on the basis of multimillion-dollar contracts rather than for the customary $100 a day government consulting fee.

The proliferation of think factories, independent R&D firms, and systems managers, etc., is the result of a deliberate policy initiated during the missile race (mid-fifties) to "contract out" virtually every government job not nailed to the floor—mostly on a cost-plus basis. The traditional in-house capability of the government to direct activities of contractors has been in the process of dismantlement. Agency regulations and Congressional resolutions convert public servants into mere paper shufflers, brokers and pawns of private power groups whose operations are almost completely shielded from public scrutiny. [See "The Feast at the Pentagon," *The Nation,* December 25, 1967, and "Little Watchdog of the Dollar Warriors," *The Nation,* March 4; both by Sanford Watzman.] This is done in the name of "preserving free enterprise" and "limiting federal bureaucracy." All government agencies have in the last ten years adopted the formula of open-ended and permissive "contract out."

The Hudson audit was the first ever made of a think factory. Up to now, these new havens of meditation have failed to show the public their seams. Virtually all of their workers have reaped prestige, financial security, new contracts, better paying jobs in aerospace firms or university professorships (along with government contracts and industrial consultantships), thus maintaining a smooth self-confident façade. Just what has the nation been getting for the investment of billions?

The Comptroller-General's report notes that OCD's objective in awarding study contracts was "to obtain well-reasoned and useful information that would enhance its ability to deal effectively with complex civil defense matters." Under the three contracts studied, Hudson submitted eleven reports (between 1964 and 1966). Seven of these were unsatisfactory, if not useless.

Item: "On the Rating of Blast Shelters," November, 1965. The director, OCD Systems Evaluation Division, indicated that "the author did not have sufficient knowledge of the subject area" and it was refused publication and distribution.

Item: "A New Look at the Design of Low-Budget Civil Defense Systems," August, 1965. Rejected for publication because, OCD found, it did not present a "new look" at all; it offered "unilateral arguments" representing advocacy of a narrow point of view; its technical conclusions were based on evidence and postulates that were not explicit or identified; it constituted "sensationalism" which, while appropriate "in muckraking newspapers, pseudo-intellectual magazines, and SANE propaganda . . . is not appropriate for research papers." Revised by Hudson with the advice and aid of OCD personnel (who were thus forced to do most of the work themselves), it was approved for publication subject to security clearance and after correction of an unsubstantiated and probably false central assumption "relating blast pressures to fallout casualties."

Item: "On the Design of Risk-Oriented, Low-Cost Fallout Shelter Systems," March, 1967. Rejected because "many of the report's assumptions were obvious or unproved" and its recommendations "indicated that Hudson was unaware of OCD's present activities"; after revision the paper was still unacceptable to OCD, but was accorded limited internal distribution with the stipulation that it "could be expanded, modified or withdrawn at any time" and was "not to be quoted or used as a reference in publication." Revised twice again over a two-year period with the advice and assistance of OCD personnel, it was eventually approved for publication.

Item: "Management Requirements for Crisis Civil Defense Programs," November, 1965. Approved because "the report had already been paid for" and "one of OCD's research personnel . . . had commented favorably," although the technical monitor considered it "superficial and not of much value." The gist of the project was, according to OCD, "to show the importance of peacetime preparations for the management of crisis programs," a goal which was obvious to begin with.

Item: "Deferred-Cost OCD Options for Nuclear Crises," December, 1966. Rejected with OCD comment that the central theme of the paper (to alternate survival options of varying response times as a "hedge against ambiguous attack warning") was too general and had "been a keystone of military defense doctrine for many years." Paper was full of "unsupported guesses that serve only to distract from . . . the original idea." A three-day deadline for revision was rejected by Hudson which preferred a new contract to rework the study in more detail. Finally approved for limited distribution but "not considered to be of sufficient depth to warrant general use."

Item: "OCD Program Planning for Crisis Program: Some Environmental Considerations," November, 1966. Based on an OCD civil defense study game held at Providence, R. I., the monitor approved the report "as evidence of the contractor's performance of the contract," but limited its distribution to within the agency (except with written approval by the Assistant Director of Research). This approach was intended "to preclude loading

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bookshelves with a report" for which the monitor saw no value. Hudson was not requested to make needed revisions, lest the government "incur additional costs" for a matter which had "no immediate significance."

Unlike the purchase of off-the-shelf hardware and the development of designs and prototype hardware, the thinking of Ph.D. wildcatters and promoters confronts the nation with a stiff bookkeeping and accounting problem. One of the chief reasons for the phenomenal growth of research and development in the federal budget (now $17 billion) is precisely the open-ended, permissive and unauditable nature of R&D contracting. R&D can readily become a handy and subtle kind of defense profiteering.

In its Hudson study, the GAO was "unable to determine the cost of the seven reports from the records of the Hudson Institute." Herman Kahn consented only to submit accumulated totals "on a contract basis" without certification or indeed further explanation. Consequently, the audit states, "the costs of any of the several reports prepared under each contract could not be identified." The "nonprofit" fee is usually set at 6 per cent of the total direct and indirect costs. Theoretically, under law and procurement regulation, rigorous limits are defined on reimbursable direct and indirect costs, while the fee remains beyond the public ken. Since the actual cost figures are concealed by the contractor, the notion of a fixed fee becomes ludicrous. Why should a nonprofit get any kind of fee beyond costs?

Hudson-supplied estimates enabled the GAO to guess a cost of about $50,000 per man-year of work under the contracts. There appears to be no way to verify this figure. Other studies of cost-plus contracting have suggested a host of devious bookkeeping contrivances that enable both profit and nonprofit R&D firms to inflate fees, stuff overhead, hide equities and profits, add unconscionable perquisites and expense account items to already high salaries, allow the acquisition of buildings, computers and equipment of all sorts, not to mention reserve funds, investments, indirect expansion through mergers and subsidiaries, phony insurance fees, rigged prices paid by the contractor to his suppliers, etc. The open-ended nature of "science," thinking, systems analysis and management, research and development, all open a back door to a mid-20th-century brand of "honest graft," corruption and political patronage, underwritten with a government guarantee of corporate health and future growth.

The GAO study of Hudson shows that OCD, the contracting agency, did not implement even such sound procedures as were available and thereby increased the likelihood of unresponsive results. In fact, once a contract was signed, the agency evinced little interest in its performance. The work defined by the contracts "was very broad and permitted a great deal of leeway," consisting of brief general statements largely lifted intact from Hudson's own proposals. The GAO comments: "Since these proposals were not more specific than the contracts, this . . . did little to provide assurance that the work to be performed would provide information of direct interest to OCD." A review of agency files "did not reveal any additional documentation supplementing the scope of the work which would clarify what specifically were its objectives or would show that a mutual understanding had been reached on the work to be done."

A typical definition of task (Contract 66-30) concludes with a pledge to include in the consideration of "major elements of strategy the following: geopolitics, economics, national resources, and technology." The lack of detail

led to situations in which unacceptable Hudson studies were nonetheless approved because, in the words of the Deputy Assistant Director of Research, they "could be rationalized . . . under the contract scope."

Such grudging progress reports as were made "did not show how much time Hudson had spent on the studies, individually or in total, or the amount of time Hudson planned to spend." Accordingly, the GAO comments, they "did not provide sufficient information to permit an evaluation." Reports often merely narrowed the field of inquiry, as though the research done up to that point had been really an effort to discover what should be researched. Under contract titled "Passive Defense and Future Nuclear Wars," one typical progress report stated that Hudson has been "developing some war-outbreak scenarios to study some of the strategic implications of

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defensive systems and their potential important influence on the future styles of nuclear diplomacy."

The Assistant Director of Research told auditors that "progress reports submitted by contractors are generally not well prepared and therefore not too useful." Even such inadequate reports as were made were "so late it would have been difficult to change the direction of the work even if the information provided had indicated that such a change was warranted."

No evidence was found that any of the conferences required by procurement regulations had been held, nor had regular and useful visits been made to Croton-on-Hudson to examine the status of work. Even when meetings were held and trips made, there were "no written records of meetings or trip reports" and such implementing agreements as were reached between OCD and Hudson were never written down and placed in the contract files as guidance for other members of the agency or for subsequent contract monitors. Did anyone really care? Did it make any difference?

The whole system of contracting-out to think factories has become an empty ritual, a means of spending money while rationalizing useless, unread and often uncirculated results. It has come to represent a collaboration subsidized by the taxpayer in which it is difficult to judge whether Herman Kahn is working for the government or OCD personnel are working for him, keeping him and his cohorts in their elegant and delightful retreat on the Hudson, shiny fatted monks whose real function is to pray for the United States, to enjoy the comports of their monastery as a symbol of our affluence and sophistication, in hopes that an occasional inspiration will elevate, exalt and enlighten us. Kahn argues exactly along these lines in his rejoinder to the GAO charges:

> Our primary focus . . . is on major policy issues, and we believe that our job is to emphasize rather speculative areas of study. We think that for this specialized type of research, the research organization . . . must be allowed an unusual degree of freedom to develop its thinking as it goes along. . . . Our most basic objective is to stimulate the imagination . . . .

In the corona of schlock-science, jargon and inpenetrable numbers, he spins new myths which seek to justify national policies and inexorably advance the cases of sponsoring agencies before Congressional appropriations committees.

The central function of the think factories, viewed in terms of the impact and motivation of their reports, has been political. The RAND Corporation early pre-empted the brain-trust field. On behalf of the Air Force, it exerted a powerful influence in the National Security Council and on the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress. Supported by RAND's closely reasoned, bountifully documented technical papers, embellished with mathematical boiler plate spun out by tireless giant computers, the Air Force rose in the 1950s to become undisputed queen of the services in the critical disputes concerning strategy, weapons systems, mission assignments, budget allocations.

The function of the think factory as a contemporary form of political advocacy declined under Robert S. McNamara's term as Defense Secretary. Himself a product of computerized, operations-research-style management, surrounded by leading RAND gray eminences (such as Charles J. Hitch and Alain C. Enthoven), McNamara wrested himself free from the cobwebs of RAND logic.

The fact that the GAO has now questioned the authority of Herman Kahn testifies to the waning magic of chateau-cloistered expertise, and possibly forecasts the demise of the Hudson Institute and all similarly strange mutations of quasi-government. Perhaps it presages only Kahn's own return to the shabby gentility of physics and the university.

INTEGRATION IN BERKELEY

THE CITY THAT WENT TO SCHOOL

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Berkeley

In his discussion of the "Retreat to Separate but Equal" in American education (*The Nation*, November 27, 1967) Ivor Kraft argued convincingly for a new determination to integrate our schools—even though black radicals, tired liberals and die-hard bigots currently "agree" on apartheid education. In an impassioned conclusion he asserted that as the way to peace is through peace itself, the way to integration is through integration itself. Fine—no one should disagree. But this still leaves a mournful question: How?

The citizens of Berkeley, Calif. (now best known for its tumultuous university) can suggest one "how" that seems to be working. Basically, it is the notion that integration must be experienced on *some* level, and that black and white parents must "integrate" first, must face together their common problems in the political arena, before they will ask their children to do likewise. If Berkeley is a reliable guide, this process will involve crises, disputes, mass school board meetings, recall elections—the full political show. But once people are determined to live in a city rather than build walls, they can discover common grounds of interest that will override fear of change. When this occurs, they can move to build something new.

In September, Berkeley will become the first city in the country of more than 100,000 population (it now has 121,000) and a large Negro school enrollment (more than

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40 per cent) to put into effect a plan for *total* integration of its elementary schools. Its keystone—the heterogeneous classroom—will replace the tracking system (based on "ability" or homogeneous grouping) which has become the main instrument of Northern school segregation. The Berkeley elementary system will be integrated, not just within the schools but within each classroom, and on the bases of race, sex, academic achievement and economic status.

To accomplish this, the school board will inaugurate a revolutionary two-way busing system never tried by any other community on more than a pilot basis. *All* children from kindergarten through 6th grade will share both the ghetto and the middle-class schools: classes from kindergarten through 3rd grade will be conducted in the white "hill schools"; those from 4th through 6th grades will be held in the now segregated Negro schools "on the flats."

This will be no simple logistical exercise. Fifteen schools, with a total enrollment of almost 9,000, are involved. (Parents are now being invited to experience the busing their children will soon negotiate daily!) Fortunately, Berkeley's school system does not cover a large geographical area. It extends along the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay for about 3.5 miles and runs back about 3 miles to the hills.

It is a desirable place to live—the weather temperate, the setting attractive, the housing *relatively* good even for the families (15 per cent) with yearly incomes under $3,000. There is no core slum, though much of the housing in the west and south is depressed. The hills, facing the Golden Gate and San Francisco's jagged silhouette, contain a variety of old and modern homes of great warmth and appeal, their overall tone somewhat British. As Robert Gilmore, a Negro technical employee at the university, puts it, "Whites and Negroes both have 'made it' to be here."

The university is the job giver for about one-third of the 50,000 gainfully employed. Although there is considerable industrial development, 62 per cent of the work force is white collar, and that explains why a near-record 67.5 per cent of the adult population has completed four years of high school or more. Berkeley's citizens—both black and white—have great potential, but it took a long series of confrontations to make it actual.

Perhaps the story begins in the late 1950s when liberals were recovering from the blows of McCarthyism which were especially damaging in this oath-wracked university town. In January, 1958, the Berkeley branch of the NAACP requested that the school board address itself to the problem of *de facto* segregation. In its conservative fashion, the board acted—slowly. Twenty-one months later, in the fall of 1960, one of the first of Berkeley's celebrated citizens' committees—the Staats Committee—reported on "Interracial Problems and Their Effect on Education." It was a modest report, in effect accepting the segregation pattern; yet its two major recommendations—the accelerated hiring of Negro teachers and the establishment of in-service training in integration for the teaching staff—have been carried out with far-reaching effect. The present integration plan would not have been conceivable without the solid professional base called for by the report.

In this period, also, black and white forces elected a second liberal member to the school board. In 1961 two others, including the first Negro—Dr. Roy Nichols, now pastor of Harlem's St. Mark's Methodist Church—became members, making a 4-to-1 majority. These victories proved, as Mary Jane Johnson, Berkeley's NAACP president, states, that the "two races were in contact with each other, that lots of university people were aware and were functioning as part of the total community, that the hills were not an island."

When urged by CORE in 1962 to correct segregation, especially in the junior high schools, the board again took typical action—it appointed another citizens' committee, the thirty-six-member Hadsell Committee, to suggest a plan.

A year and a half of conflict and compromise within the committee and of study and controversy in the community at large, including virtually every PTA group and a score of political, business and civic organizations, elapsed before the so-called Ramsey Plan was adopted in May, 1964, by the school board before an audience of 2,000 divided citizens.

It was a hectic period. The infuriating logic of the plan—prefiguring the future total elementary school integration—hardly mollified white conservatives: There were two segregated junior highs—one white and one black. (A third was well integrated.) Therefore, why not simply declare the all-black school a 9th grade school for the entire system and divide the 7th and 8th grades between the other two? It has been done—and it's working, but the plan shocked the community down to its gunwales because the white school had long been a cherished possession of the separatist hill folk. In the words of Dr. Thomas Wogaman, assistant to Superintendent of Schools Neil Sullivan: "This was a traumatic time for many citizens who resided in areas affected by the proposed boundary change and who had long regarded themselves as 'liberals.'"

In fact the controversy erupted into an election to recall a majority of the school board after it had adopted the uncompromising boundary system. The community was crucially divided. The election was to take place on October 6. The summer months saw the most intense politicking over education that had ever shaken Berkeley—and at its height Sullivan arrived on September 1 to commence his new administration! The election resulted in an overwhelming endorsement of the incumbent board members.

The day after that victory, Sullivan offered a proposal for a Master Plan Committee of 138 members that would "take the school system apart and put it back together in our own image," to quote Marc Monheimer, its future chairman. Sullivan had caught on quickly to the Berkeley way. He knew that a citizens' committee need not be a delaying tactic of conservative forces but could as well be an instrument to unite a divided city and maintain a liberal consensus behind himself and the board. The community itself could be a school.

The Master Plan Committee was initiated in May, 1965, by the board to suggest solutions to both short-term problems and those "more of a directional nature, that is, establishing guidelines for the district to follow over

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twenty-five to thirty years." Since the specified areas for study "covered no less than the whole spectrum of public education in the modern urban community" (to quote the report), each became the title of a subcommittee: The Instructional Program; Special Education and Special Services; Finance and Business Services; Community Environment, School Buildings and Facilities, and District Relationships.

One-third of the committee members were from district staff. Lay members were selected by the board from 220 nominations by individuals and by almost every known community organization. Negroes were well represented. This group finally completed its plan, embodying 110 plenary recommendations and hundreds of valuable suggestions and analyses in more than 600 pages of text, in October, 1967, after two and a half years of remarkable community labor.

Although the concept of an integrated school system in an eventual integrated society informs the entire work, its rich profusion of ideas cannot possibly be adequately summarized in one article. Here are but a few of the proposals.

A major suggestion is the centralized elementary school, with present neighborhood school buildings being converted to neighborhood centers containing libraries, meeting rooms and recreational facilities. Another is to place "the arts at the center, not the periphery of our culture." The plan advises also the elimination of "observances which tend to emphasize one religious tradition over others." Two recommendations on finances propose that school boards should have the same right as city councils to set property tax rates without statutory limitation and that the state should be expected to pay for the courses and programs it requires.

But the group dynamics of community confrontation is the real story of Berkeley's Master Plan—as it is of the evolution of the tracking proposal (which buttresses the forthcoming elementary integration) and, indeed, of Berkeley's renewal in education. True, Berkeley is a special place, and its specialness will be gone into further; nevertheless the basic point is that its people want to live together—and as one conservative member put it, "Get people together and differences do melt."

Robert Baldwin was chairman of the key Instructional Program Committee, which was divided into subcommittees on tracking and curriculum. He was a fortunate choice because of his background in labor relations and economic research. He had often seen "differences melt" in labor negotiations and believed he knew the correct strategy for arriving at consensus: research and "open-door" (read neutral) language.

Of course, first there had to be agreement on goals. But that is easy where everyone at least formally recognizes democratic aspirations. However, it is also easy to formulate democratic justifications for almost any program, including the homogeneous classroom: "respecting individual differences" pretty well summarizes these, and weighty argument can be marshaled to justify this position —which, after all, prevails in more than 95 per cent of the country's secondary schools and, in essence, a majority of elementary schools.

It would be wrong to assume that only "bigots" or conservatives favor homogeneous grouping. In fact, many liberal professors who found the philosophy of segregation noxious but who were also the parents of bright youngsters were extremely anxious about the dangers of "leveling." ("High-potential" students comprise 13 per cent of Berkeley school enrollment; the national average is only 2 per cent!) Therefore it was necessary to study actual conditions in the schools. The committee went into the classrooms, interviewed teachers, examined student records, consulted authorities, and did vast reading in the controversial IQ-achievement-grouping field.

They discovered: "The most obvious *unintended* (author's italics: a good example of "open-door" language) result of the tracking system in Berkeley is that it produces *de facto* segregated classrooms within our integrated secondary schools. Racial stereotyping, social circumstances and differences in educational background result in the top track being populated almost exclusively by Caucasians and Orientals and the bottom tracks almost exclusively by Negroes."

Furthermore, the consequences of tracking are intellectual, cultural and economic isolation, resulting in the lowering of both student and teacher aspirations. Therefore: "We conclude that the structural device of tracking inhibits the realization of the educational goals *that we seek for all children in the Berkeley community.*" (Author's italics: once again note the careful, noncombustible research-style language.) To arrive at such findings was not easy. When its conclusions can prick the nerves of an entire community, research will never be dispassionate. Facts can become pawns of preconceptions, those that do not fit being conveniently ignored. Education of the young can arouse passion and anxiety. So it was in the tracking subcommittee.

Its chairman, Carl Mack, was a Negro who had been a teacher and professional scout leader and is now a housing administrator. He had become concerned with "doing something about education" when he observed Negro students in a nearby segregated Oakland high school being taught washing and ironing in senior English. One of his sons, who had been told by a prejudiced or incompetent Berkeley teacher that he could not learn to read, was transferred to another class and began reading above average.

But progress was not easily made. "Several of the committee just didn't want to believe. They would go to an 'integrated' high school and see all-Negro classes and all-white classes, with maybe one Negro, but they didn't believe it. They didn't believe what they saw. Ghetto schools, they could understand."

Even after the tracking subcommittee had presented its recommendation to the committee as a whole, three unresolved members made a motion to rewrite. At this point Mack threatened to resign.

He gathered up his papers amidst shocked disbelief. There were cries of "No!" "You can't do this!" But seemingly he was going to. Something had to break the horrendous impasse, but no one knew what. At last a Baldwinian motion was made to rewrite the entire rec-

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ommendation by eliminating unnecessarily divisive language, professional jargon and excess verbiage.

The emphasis was to be placed on experimentalism. At least they were agreed that tracking was bad, even though they were not certain what strategies would be employed to assure that heterogeneity could produce quality education. But they could make suggestions, and they were all—regardless of color or philosophy—agreed on high standards. Why not say *that*?

The "open-door," experimental approach prevailed. Following are some statements in the anti-tracking recommendation:

"How can we teach heterogeneous groups while still maintaining or raising our educational standards and meeting the individual needs of the students? . . . We are looking for teaching techniques that allow the teacher to meet the needs of individuals and small groups within the larger classroom. . . . Such teaching methods already exist. . . . They are the methods . . . of team-teaching, individualized instruction, independent learning, and the non-graded school."

It became clear that the heterogeneous class could be visualized as the basis for a more individualized kind of learning than the homogeneous class affords, because from it can spring numerous subgroups formed for *temporary* diagnostic goals. Thus a student can join many successive —or simultaneous—groups instead of being frozen in one track throughout his school career. (This point, of course, appealed to any wavering advocates of tracking.)

Previous to the Master Plan certain predominantly Negro and white schools had been "paired," a device which involved limited busing of students and considerable working together of the respective parent groups. Mack observed:

> These parents were the most determined critics of tracking because they had become convinced through common experience that Negroes, as well as whites, want quality education.
>
> Among my own friends I can observe this. Those who are products of integrated settings can understand whites and rationalize their positions, and they will work in the community. Yet they just don't go along with the Establishment either.
>
> Even in my own family . . . one of my sons went to an integrated school and the other to an all-black school. One can get along with all types, the other thinks along Negro lines.
>
> I had to do some rethinking of my own ideas and beliefs. I had been thinking just in terms of race. I learned that this isn't just a Negro problem. It just happens that most in the lower socio-economic group are Negro. It's a problem of the poor.

Ralph Miller, an advertising account executive on the committee, had another angle:

> I started out strongly for tracking. Many of us in the Caucasian community thought our kids were doing well in school and saw no reason for change. I still think that tracking can be successfully used in the training of all youngsters.
>
> Yet if Negroes are discouraged and demoralized, then—whatever your views—something is wrong. It is costing more than it is doing good. This is where the dilemma lies, and it is where I became confused, concerned and torn. I decided it is the concerns of people that are important, and I voted with the majority.

But he still insists that this was a moral decision, a decision based on values, and not on "facts" or research.

Basically, it is a question of the meaning of community: "We found new understandings come out. We saw why some people were concerned and why we would have to be concerned. Once your views are heard, you feel better."

Monheimer, overall plan chairman, recalls many instances of those who reversed their beliefs. He can tell of conservatives who had formerly attempted to recall the board and are now strong advocates of heterogeneous grouping—"of real change for the schools"; and of liberals who "pulled in their horns" to join a more moderate consensus.

During plenary session almost all the proposals got better than 75 per cent approval of the entire committee; most of them received 90 per cent. The anti-tracking proposal was opposed by only five members. Monheimer attributes this high degree of agreement to the unifying impulse in people who have been working together for a long period of time. "They stop thinking about why Mrs. Smith doesn't change the text in Johnny's classroom. They discard pet schemes and peeves. They forget they are Johnny's mother or father."

Monheimer is proud of the work done and he is aware of its significance. Yet he and his committee also know that they must constitute themselves into an organized force to insure serious consideration of the *entire* plan, for although "accepted" it is not mandated. Already a committee of Master Plan leaders has been appointed to assign priorities to its manifold proposals. "After all, we have to protect our investment: we worked two and a half years for this."

This is the point at which to assess Berkeley's specialness in order to determine whether other cities could perhaps profit from its example. It would seem that Berkeley is *not* so very special. True, the university is a liberating force; true, the Negro community is compact, well organized and well led; true, the white community is well educated and has made numerous contacts with the black people on the flats; true, there are no suburbs for whites to flee to and yet remain in Berkeley.

Yet Berkeley's august citizens destroyed the career of liberal Mayor Laurance Cross for having given Paul Robeson the opportunity to sing in a city auditorium; its beleaguered property owners recently rejected a local "fair housing" ordinance by a considerable margin; its voters have backed Republican candidates with dreary predictability. Berkeley is not so special. It is a city much like other American cities: impeded by contradictions, filled with promise.

The major distinction between Berkeley and some other cities is that it has no core ghetto. But even in those that do—Los Angeles, for example—many non-ghetto Negro areas could be joined to neighboring white districts if there were sufficient will, sufficient consistent effort to halt the murderous drift toward civil disaster!

As for Berkeley's vision of its schools, its goals are still more exemplary than its accomplishments—yet the

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goals have the deepest possible significance for a fracturing society. What they seem to mean is that a community uses its view of itself as a model for the "society" it establishes in which to educate its young people.

If a true community organization becomes such a model, the school will reflect its variegated but unified composition; the classroom too will become heterogeneous but cooperative—in other words, a *community*. But if a school bears the impress of an upper-class or racist or bourgeois view, it will be highly competitive, therefore rigidly grouped so that competition can function on a hierarchy of ability levels. As the result of "ability" grouping, students will operate in quite distinct educational, social, cultural and political worlds *within the school society*—just as their adult models on the outside do. And such a system can work very well if the society is agreed on the model. Ability grouping is not new. Europe has operated "successfully" on such a basis for centuries.

But, as Kraft points out, America's hangup lies in its dual allegiance to the aspirations of formal democracy on the one hand and the more coercive use and custom of a rigidly stratified "ability-grouped" socio-economic system on the other. If we adopt the latter, we must realize, as NAACP general counsel Robert L. Carter has warned, that "anti-white feeling will have become so virulent within a generation that any hope of the two races finding a common basis for peaceful coexistence will have gone forever."

Presuming democratic goals, therefore, the question becomes how to push the schools off their stuporous dead center to accomplish genuine integration. The Berkeley answer is adult "integration" even on the relatively superficial level of interracial participation in community committees responding to common problems—that is, presuming these committees have a real function and will be listened to, as they have been in Berkeley. People have been "protected" too long by their political representatives, their media, their prejudices. When they are face to face, responses become "surprising," human. Of course it would be better if residential and economic integration were the matrix for cooperation—but if that were the case there wouldn't be a problem! It's getting started that is difficult.

Fortunately Superintendent Sullivan is no stranger to conflict. In fact he was appointed by the Berkeley board because of a reputation gained the previous year when he reopened and re-established the school system of Prince Edward County, Va., closed for four years because of the unwillingness of its white citizenry to desegregate. Dr. Sullivan (Ed. D., Harvard, 1956) is tough, intelligent and adaptive. Also—unlike many of his breed—he has charm and style, along with experience gained from superintendencies in New England and Long Island, N.Y.

He is an appropriate leader for the kind of battle Berkeley's progressive forces are waging. The battle was explained in the preamble to the Master Plan. "Our country *is* in the midst of a profound social revolution. Our children will have a better understanding of their country, their community, and themselves if they learn to feel at home with the broad spectrum of individuals and backgrounds we find within our own city."

LETTERS *(Continued from page 618)*

Annals ("The Peace Corps Volunteer in the Field: Community Development," Vol. 365, May, 1966), he criticized my description of Latins as having had certain conditioned characteristics. This point was based on the previous, unquoted sentence in my article which said that "the environment in Latin America exerts a strong, almost regulatory influence. Having existed under various forms of oppression, Latin Americans have been conditioned to certain values and attitudes." . . . The point is not what Latins or North Americans are or are not. It is the nature of the element that does the conditioning that is significant. There is no value judgment placed on the results of the conditioning—i.e., people—whether Latin or North American. In this sense, my words carried an indictment of the rulers of the Latin countries rather than their oppressed citizens. But then again how can one expect an academic expert on Indian anthropology to understand the reality of Latin America?

Kirby Jones

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: My mention of the termination of the Peace Corps activity in several countries (we may now add Nigeria, it seems) was presented as one kind of evidence of the deteriorating response to the PC, not as a direct result of the war in Vietnam as Mr. Norman (letters, Mar. 18) seems to think. There is plenty of other evidence of the effect of the war on the PC, and I presented some of it. I did not "seek to make the Peace Corps a casualty of the war in Vietnam." That war makes its own casualties, and the Peace Corps is one of them.

I think Mr. Frantz missed my point. I am sure that his brother is doing a good job in Panama. But that does not alter the fact that teaching athletics to orphans in Panama is regarded as hypocritical by many people at home and abroad when done in the name of peace by a government whose main foreign endeavor is the war in Vietnam. I am sorry that it should be so, but it is—and understandably.

I congratulate Mr. Jones for having organized the Peace Corps petition against the war. It was a worthy act and it took courage. In response to his comments on my article, I must say that I did not imply that during the Dominican Republic uprising, the Dominicans or the U.S. State Department regarded the Peace Corps as pro-Marines. It is to the PCVs credit that they were not so regarded. My point was that their activities have been used (in retrospect) by our government to direct attention to the benevolence of U.S. policies there and by implication elsewhere as well—hence the sugar coating.

My quotations of Mr. Jones's remarks at Berkeley were taken from local press reports, and while they may not be wholly accurate, they were not "invented." I heard him speak them and they were substantially as reported.

I am well aware of the conditioning effects of oppression. I have worked intensively with untouchables of India whose oppression is unsurpassed. . . . It seems that the most profound conditioning is in the means by which such systems are manipulated, cushioned and circumvented rather than passively acquiesced to or assimilated by those oppressed. This is true of Indian untouchables, black Americans and Latin Americans under dictatorship. . . . To characterize Latin Americans as "fatalistic," "blindly hopeful," "desirous of any status symbol of their own," etc., is patronizing and an underestimation of them, regardless of the presumed sources of these characteristics. If one reads the quoted paragraph to a Latin American, as I have, the response is likely to be about the same as that of a black American to a description of his people as lazy, dishonest and musical. The contribution of "academic experts" on anthropology . . . is precisely that they relate the realities of India to those of Latin America and wherever men live.

Gerald D. Berreman

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Coupling and Uncoupling

COUPLES. *By John Updike. Alfred A. Knopf. 458 pp. $6.95.*

JOSE YGLESIAS
Mr. Yglesias is the author of A Wake in Ybor City *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston),* The Goodbye Land *(Pantheon), and the just published* In the Fist of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town *(Pantheon).*

John Updike lives with his family in Ipswich, Mass., and during the weeks before publication date of his new novel, everyone began to call the book "Ipswich Place." Perhaps because of its sexuality. Perhaps because of the hundreds of thousands of dollars the movies had paid for it. Updike is very unpopular with much of the literary establishment—that part of it still flaying away at *The New Yorker*—and he makes a perfect butt for them: a kind of embodiment of the literature of the fifties that no one wants to defend any more. The critics are very hip now: they want Experimental Prose and Large Statements in fiction. They gave him up three years ago—there was almost a gang-up on *Of the Farm*—and it is very galling that he continues successful and widely read. That his present novel has all the stigmata of a bestseller will seem a confirmation—he can be flung on that heap where John Steinbeck and John O'Hara lie.

Yet the most striking thing about *Couples* is Updike's attempt to break out of the intimist, unpolitical, miniaturist mold that had become his official bust. He seems to be responding to the critics who wrongly argued that he had "nothing to say," by choosing the "larger social canvas" from which, *ipso facto,* significance must emerge. This is a presumptuous guess—writers, it is safe to say, respond mainly to their own vision—but Updike's novel is full of evidence that he is simply being his critics' dutiful student. Dutiful but unconvinced. The result is an uneasy mixture, as if James T. Farrell had been persuaded to sprinkle one of his laconic novels with metaphors and conceits.

It would appear that Updike started out to depict a group of married couples in Tarbox, a town sufficiently like Ipswich to have its quota of Boston exurbanites, but the early promise of equal time for each couple is soon dissipated. Piet Hanema, partner in a local construction firm, partner in an uneasy marriage, takes the center of the stage and becomes the single point of view from which we gaze at his circle of friends: an aesthetics for the construction of the novel that Updike seems incapable of abandoning. He cannot forgo, either, his marvelously developed talent for the exquisitely observed detail, the sensual nuances of physical response—as out of place in this flatly naturalistic scene as in the anonymous "Talk Of the Town" items in *The New Yorker* that Updike signs with his style. The pull of old habits is strong with writers. Updike's real accomplishment in finding a perfectly jointed phrasing and construction for his short stories and past novels becomes a manner and a lazy habit when imposed on a traditional novel about social relations.

In a sense, Updike is forced to settle on the single point of view—on a hero whose feeling for building things well comes close to Updike's own craftsmanship—to pour into his hero's life all the poetic images he (Updike) can with seeming ease scoop up from the simplest action. To do otherwise, to follow the action with other characters, is to run the risk—unwilling as he is to give up his mannerisms—of peopling the book with a cast whose sensibilities are all the same.

Though he abandons the fictional construction for a group portrait to the demands of his style—rather, mannerism: we tend to call inept protuberances style—he never gives up his subject, an acrid landscape of middle-class couples, coupling and uncoupling as the sociologists and scandal sheets have informed us has become usual. To their coupling Updike brings another transplanted old virtue: his sweet sensuality. It is a minor dividend—in a book with many minor pleasures—to find, as in all his novels, love for the flesh of women, affection in sex, naturalness and magic in the intimate touch. But, again, so inappropriate—in their effect—to these characters that one is tempted to hand Updike the ambiguous compliment of being the most sensitive heterosexual writer around. Like his metaphors, the fineness of sex feeling finally seems an overlay, a gratuitous display of "sensitivity."

Thomas Mann in one of his last essays, at the time he had finished the dense *Doctor Faustus,* with its style of scholarly qualifications, and about to embark on the light, cynical *Felix Krull,* said that the only stylistic approach left to the bourgeois writer was that of parody. Parody dictated by his subject or his narrator, for Mann believed that bourgeois social relations could be fruitfully described only in a satirical tone. Piet Hanema, asking his wife to sleep with the local dentist to get him out of a jam and his wife complying—all with no questions asked—might be made a believable scene; but not in the humanist style—either his own or Chekhov's or Edith Wharton's or any of those writers who straightforwardly expect that the most aberrant action can be salvaged by the essential human worth of their subjects or their unawakened potential. Something new has happened in the bourgeois world and you cannot do it justice with affecting metaphors. When his wife agrees, Piet is unable to answer for a moment: "he lay on the bed like a man lying on water, only his eyes and nostrils not immersed." It would make Aristotle laugh.

What has happened is that Updike has not allowed his partner-switching couples to say anything to him and, therefore, there is no tension between him and his subject, no stylistic consistency, and no interest for the reader. His doggedly pursued story turns into one of those overlong novels to which one surrenders dully in order to complete it. You can see it being read in snatches—in subways, lunch hours, before falling asleep—by readers of bestsellers used to skipping "poetic" passages to get on to the titillating moments of sex and the improbable dramatic turns.

Of course Mann's dictum works only with writers who know the class nature of their society and have some feelings and desires about it. Rather concrete desires too, even if they're not expressed in political, programmatic terms. Updike has chosen as his subject a recognizable social group engaged in specific activities (business, the professions, academia), and has refused or been incapable of judging it on its own terms. I do not mean overt judgment—though any lapse is forgiven a writer who confronts his subject—but that implicit judgment that creates the unifying tension in any work. Surprisingly, it is such social judgment on the author's part that gives his characters humanity, no matter how mean and senseless their ambience may be; the sour air that hangs around his couples comes from Updike's lack of

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committedness to any social point of view.

John Updike seems worrisomely aware that something is missing and to that we owe a couple of techniques, intermittently indulged, for imbuing the novel with Higher Significance. (Let's forget the epigraph from Paul Tillich and Updike's watered protestantism scarcely in evidence here.) He gives some characters names that are descriptive of the roles they play. Nowadays that passes for myth making, but when Dickens called his happiness-making characters Cheeryble, it was good for a laugh and no more. Now and again there are some vaguely symbolic descriptions, such as the weather vane on the church steeple, and happenings, such as the church fire at the end.

Also, since his publishers allow him to decide about his book jacket and flap copy, Updike makes one last attempt to give the book coherence: "The circle of acquaintances is felt as a magic circle, with ritual games, religious substitutions, a priest (Freddy Thorne) and a scapegoat (Piet Hanema)." The art on the cover is William Blake's "Adam and Eve Sleeping." The only significance in this is that a jacket wraps a book, it can't hold it together.

All these truisms aren't worth pointing out to readers were the writer someone less accomplished than Updike. Writers of his talent and achievements do not need lectures, but perhaps a reminder is in order: pay no attention to unappreciative critics and stick to your interests. There is room in literature for all kinds.

The New Mainstream

SOUL ON ICE. *By Eldridge Cleaver. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 210 pp. $5.95.*

JULIAN MAYFIELD

Mr. Mayfield is a novelist and journalist who worked as an aide to President Nkrumah in Ghana after his active support of the Robert F. Williams self-defense movement in Monroe, N. C. Presently a Junior Fellow of the Society for the Humanities at Cornell University where he conducts a seminar in race relations, in September he will join the faculty of the Schweitzer Program in the Humanities, at New York University.

There used to be a lot of nonsense written about black writers being outside the mainstream of American literature. This was because, for the most part, their work followed the protest tradition, and resisted the fads which sought to obscure the realities of history, economics, and the distribution of political power. Black writers, with varying degrees of success, clung stubbornly to the conviction that the black experience in America was worth exploiting. Now we know that it is worth more than most of us imagined, that it is integral to the American experience, not a marginal back street, and that the nation's survival may depend on how quickly it understands this and changes accordingly.

These thoughts are prompted by a remarkable book, *Soul On Ice*, a collection of essays and letters by Eldridge Cleaver, a 33-year-old black man who has spent the greater part of his adolescence and adulthood in California state prisons. He is, therefore, no stranger to violence, but neither are any of us any more. I feel more like a war correspondent as I sit down to review this book, for there are riots and fires raging in more than 100 of our cities and towns in the wake of the Memphis assassination. So I am only vaguely shocked when a friend telephones to say that Eldridge Cleaver has just been shot, and a fellow Black Panther member killed while attempting to surrender to the Oakland police. If that doesn't put our young writer into the American mainstream, which is violence, I don't know what will.

First it must be said that *Soul On Ice* is beautifully written by a man with a formidably analytical mind. His talent might have gone undiscovered and undeveloped had he not been busted by The Man at an early age and thrust into prison society, which really is just American society in microcosm, stripped naked.

It is a rare university which can boast of a Chris Lovdjieff, a teacher at San Quentin whose Christ-like portrait Cleaver draws with love and bitter irony. "What did he teach? Everything. It is easier to say that he taught Lovdjieff and let it go at that." The teacher led his students through an incredible range of thinking, from Japanese, Eskimo and African through Jesus Christ, Moses and Muhammad to Marx, Lenin and Mao Tse-tung. I suspect that Lovdjieff was something of a quack, as are all great teachers who cast aside objectivity, that perennial academic hiding ground, in order to distill all learning into a fuel with which to fire contemporary living. "Jesus wept," writes Cleaver. "Lovdjieff would weep over a tragic event that had taken place ten thousand years ago in some forgotten byway in the Fertile Crescent."

Ultimately and inevitably—like Tom Wolfe and Maxwell Perkins—Cleaver and his "Christ" came to a parting of the ways. One man was black and the other was white, and there was a limit to the distance they could travel together. It had to do with the black convict's rejection of the white teacher's concept of love. In an essay written for the class, Cleaver quoted Malcolm X: "How can I love a man who raped my mother, killed my father, enslaved my ancestors, dropped atomic bombs on Japan, killed off the Indians and keeps me cooped up in slums? I'd rather be tied in a sack and tossed in the Harlem River."

Lovdjieff wept and refused to grade the paper. That was the end of the friendship.

Eldridge Cleaver has also paid his religious dues before breaking free of that bag. I assume that like most black people he was born a good Protestant, but while in a Youth Authority institution he started going to the Catholic Church because that was where the blacks and the Mexicans went, and he wasn't foolish enough to try to integrate the Protestant Chapel. (". . . one black face in a sea of white, and with guerrilla warfare going on between us, I might have ended up a Christian martyr—St. Eldridge the Stupe.") He was drawn into the Black Muslims, eventually becoming the leader of the San Quentin Mosque. It was Malcolm's defection from Mr. Muhammad that first caused him to question the tenets of the faith, and Malcolm's murder which led to the young convict's breaking away. Cleaver, as was Malcolm, is first a political man with a probing and sweeping intelligence that was bound eventually to burst out of the limitations of sect discipline.

(The author, like nearly everyone else on this side of the Atlantic, misinterpreted what happened to Malcolm while he was in Africa. I spent a good deal of time with him in both Cairo and Ghana, before and after his visit to Mecca, and he certainly never gave any indication that he had been converted to a love for whites. His understanding had broadened and he knew that the oppressed of the earth encompassed a wide range of colors, and that black parochial thinking would exclude revolutionaries like Fidel, Che Guevara, or the unlikely coming of another John Brown.)

Cleaver is at his very best, which is as good and as pertinent as anything I've read in years, when he dissects the real significance of the Muhammad Ali-Floyd Patterson drama, expressing what many black people felt at the time:

> The "white hope" for a Patterson victory was, in essence, a counter-revolutionary desire to force the Negro, now in rebellion and personified by Ali, back into his "place." The black hope, on the contrary, was to see Lazarus [Patterson] crushed, to see Uncle Tom

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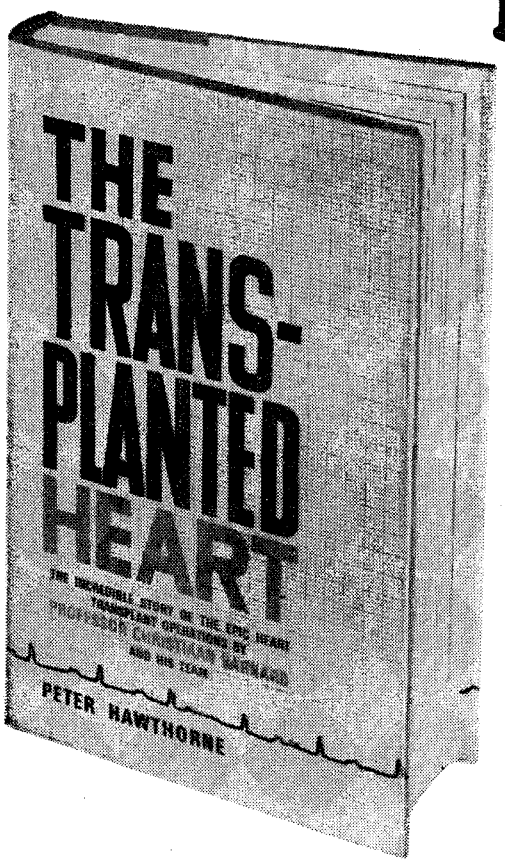

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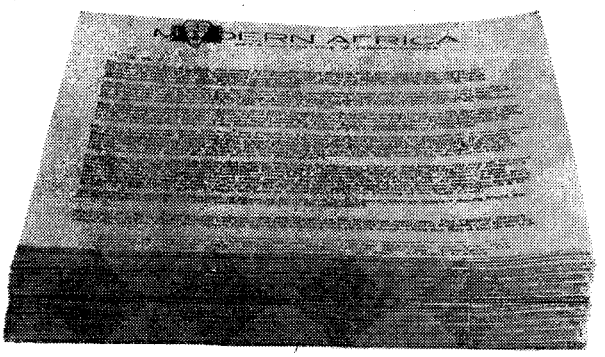

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defeated, to be given symbolic proof of the autonomous Negro over the subordinate Negro . . . .

. . . It was really Sonny Liston who marked the coming of the autonomous Negro to boxing. But he was non-ideological . . . when the ideological Negro seized the heavyweight crown, no front of cool could conceal the ferocious emotional eruption in white America and among the embarrassed Uncle Toms, who were also experiencing an identity crisis. Yes, even old faithful Uncle Tom has a self-image. All men must have one or they start seeing themselves as women, women start seeing them as women, then women lose their own self-image, and soon nobody knows what they are themselves or what anyone else is—that is to say, the world starts looking precisely as it looks today.

Eldridge Cleaver, like all engaged artists (LeRoi Jones, the early Kerouac, the early Mailer, the early Baldwin) makes you twist and flinch because he is no damned gentleman. He throws light on the dark areas that we wish he would leave alone. He is definitely not for everybody, and as much as I go for *Soul On Ice*, I realize that not all of him is for me. For example, I think that altogether too much space and soul-searching is devoted to the black male-white female hangup, a subject on which he can be maddening, but, I am sorry to say, terribly accurate. I doubt if many of his readers will care that he fell in love with his lawyer (happily a woman and presumably white), and they will wonder why in heaven's name he wants us to read their love letters. I didn't.

James Baldwin admirers should avoid Cleaver's book. I once wrote in praise of Baldwin that he had no gods. Bursting upon the American scene, he issued a challenge to the Hemingway-Faulkner-Steinbeck triumvirate, took a mean knock at the beloved Langston Hughes, and launched a sustained attack on our major novelist, Richard Wright. I regretted the shedding of so much blood, but I regarded Baldwin's arrival as a healthy sign that black intellectuals had reached the point where we could wash some of our dirty linen in public.

That was little more than a decade ago. Baldwin is now in his 40s, comfortably well-off, and a literary god. And here comes young Mr. Cleaver, hungry, with his rapier drawn and blood in his eyes. Baldwin is his natural target, and he moves into the attack with a ruthless, virile prose: "Baldwin's essay on Richard Wright [in *Notes of a Native Son*] reveals he despised—not Richard Wright but his masculinity." He ranges over the whole of Baldwin's work and draws conclusions which the reader may not share but will certainly remember.

This brilliant book is only the first by Eldridge Cleaver. If he somehow survives the California cops for another year or two, God only knows what he will come up with next. Whatever it is, it won't put anybody to sleep.

An Economist at Play

THE TRIUMPH. *By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. 239 pp. $4.95.*

JOHN BRIGHT
Mr. Bright is a screen writer and story editor for Bill Cosby.

Because the author regards this as a "non-novel," as real as absurd reality, it is tempting to review the book in relation to *The New Industrial State* and, more appositely, *Economics and the Art of Controversy*. In these works of sober probity, Galbraith is both the critic of U.S. capitalism's mistakes and of the politics, domestic and foreign, implementing these mistakes. Apogee of his distinguished wrath is his stinging rebuke of this country's involvement in Southeast Asia.

In *The Triumph*, Galbraith has added satire to scholarship. The novel has two targets: the State Department and its pompous apologias for Latin American police states; and the military dictatorships themselves, which are preposterous indeed but essentially brutal, greasy—and outdated.

Communication between Washington and a minor Central American "republic" of "Puerto Santos" (Guatemala?) is dim and confused by static. A lard-assed corrupt dictator, impressed by the medals he has given himself, has been "suppressing communism" for thirty years—with *yanqui* aid, which he has generously divided among his top generals and his numbered accounts in Swiss banks. It's all very cosy and normal until a small group of intellectuals, sparked by a radical or two, take the Alliance for Progress seriously—and are backed by a small band of peasants with antiquated guns. A few shots are fired, at nobody in particular; a few windows are broken, alongside other windows previously and nonpolitically broken.

Yet it is enough menace to cause the *caudillo* to waddle to the Paraguayan Embassy for sanctuary. The young liberal leader, Míro, takes power.

Opéra bouffe now shifts to the Potomac, no longer a sleepy stream. Communism is again on the rampage south of the border! Sound the alarm! Another threat to the Canal from Moscow! Míro is another Castro!

Panicked, although grave, State and the CIA act. Míro is deposed and in his place is inducted a more attractive *new* dictator, the son of Obeso, now living in Portugal.

The hoped-for *Führer* proves to be a progressive from the University of Michigan, indoctrinated by a campus Laski. He begins his reign with some genuine reforms, to American horror.

Galbraith's climax and denouement are sophisticated kidding, of course. The spinster fantasies a man under the bed, and a man materializes under the bed. It *could* happen, but the result would be an undefended Bay of Pigs, and the correction of the error with another more reliable martinet.

What is the truth behind Galbraith's cutting satire? In Guatemala, for example, Arbenz Guzmán was no more of a threat to the historically perverted Monroe Doctrine than FDR. He was an accommodating social democrat who knew that a mono-economics meant nothing but misery—and eventual revolution. The best insurance against upheaval out of hand was token land reform and industrialization, leading to slightly increased standards of living, using U.S. dollars in "non-exploitative" terms. It was a shrewdly cynical pattern set by Mexico, Judas ram for the Latin sheep.

The plan was on the drawing board. Standard of Ohio, having scientific geologic knowledge of vast oil resources under the jungles, was prepared to dig for it in exchange for favorable leases . . . when United Fruit, with its coolie labor empire, knowing the consequences of industrialization, acted swiftly through Secretary of State Dulles (Sullivan and Cromwell) and the CIA. The clock was set back to the 19th century with Castillo Armas and his successors. A negative feudalism prevailed over a positive capitalism.

The Guatemalan debacle presents an interesting challenge to the Wright Mills thesis about the solidarity of the power elite; yet a substantiation of the Leninist analysis of the contradictions within finance capital structure. What, indeed, is *the* capitalist point of view?

Maybe Galbraith and the ADA have a viable answer to the complexities of colonialism, and the throaty feverish challenge of the peoples pushed around. Certainly Pooh-bah Rusk hasn't.

Sonorities apart, Professor Galbraith has written, in *The Triumph*, a most unprofessorial camp, laced with growling wit.

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The Same the World Over

CHARLES BOOTH'S LONDON. *Edited by Albert Fried and Richard M. Elman. Pantheon Books. 342 pp. $7.95.*

CHARLES BOOTH ON THE CITY: Physical Pattern and Social Structure. *Edited by Harold W. Pfautz. University of Chicago Press. 314 pp. $12.50.*

EDWARD T. GARGAN
Mr. Gargan is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of De Tocqueville *(Hillary House).*

In his preface to Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth,* Jean-Paul Sartre wrote: "It is enough today for two French people to meet together for there to be a dead man between them. One dead man did I say? In other days France was the name of a country. We should take care that in 1961 it does not become the name of a nervous disease." In 1968, America is the name of a disease.

The Mayor of Chicago demands of his police superintendent, "that an order be issued under his signature to shoot to kill any arsonist or anyone with a Molotov cocktail, and to shoot anyone looting stores in our city." In Washington a government lawyer assigned to our new "humanitarian" riot control is proud that following the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., only thirty-nine were killed whereas forty-nine were killed in Detroit last year. Ranking officers of the Army have already visited "in mufti" the cities they will command during the forthcoming riots, to familiarize themselves "with the terrain, the social and economic problems of potential riot areas, and the police with whom they would work. . . ." How fit and proper that a world choking with sociologists, economists, moralists, lawyers and Senators should finally play it straight and leave social and economic problems to the generals.

Our new humanitarians who prefer gas and Mace to ideology can consult with some profit the two recent selections from Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the People in London.* Such a reading will remind them that the poor —even when white Anglo-Saxon Christians—have always been the alcoholics, prostitutes, unwed mothers, herded into our center cities, starved, chronically ill, vile smelling, vermin covered, indolent, dirty, easily killed, immune to the ministrations of priests, vulgar, despised, desperate. They should especially welcome the tone of Booth's great work for it is a cool professional account of the wretched of London at the turn of the century.

Charles Booth who founded a successful shipping firm was not, however, a man without feeling, and during his lifetime suffered a number of breakdowns that may be considered the honest response of a sane man to an insane world. A positivist who became president of the Royal Statistical Society, Booth projected in 1886 a precise exhaustive record of London's working-class population. Using the case notebooks of the School Board Visitors, who contacted every home with school-age children, Booth in the course of seventeen years produced seventeen volumes. He did not attempt a work of theory or of synthesis but concentrated on a street-by-street, house-by-house, room-by-room record of London's poor. He did draw one fundamental conclusion from his data which enabled him to identify a "poverty line" below which were to be found the truly destitute. He also skillfully divided the population and the city into five basic classes: the most miserable, identified as occasional laborers, loafers, semi-criminals; the very poor, living a hand-to-mouth existence; those underemployed and poorly paid; those having regular employment and sufficient regular incomes; and the lower and upper middle class. The two selections from Booth's classical inquiry accurately reflect Booth's emphasis on those below the poverty line.

Harold W. Pfautz contributes as an introduction to his selection a solid monograph discussing Booth's life, his method, his picture of London's physical and social structure. His final assessment of Booth's achievement is, however, a painfully dull academic exercise. The best he can say is that Booth deserves the titles, "husband, father, businessman, public servant, and *sociologist*!" Surely, if the poor did not exist they would have to be invented for the scientific needs of this academic discipline.

The brief introduction of Albert Fried and Richard M. Elman is, on the contrary, academically imaginative, lively in style, relevant. They approve of Booth's freedom from any approach to the poor that is like "the lyricism of James Agee or the rhetorical indignation of James Baldwin," and they properly admire his ear for common speech, his faultless sense of the detail that is significant. Fried and Elman's selection reflects their own intelligence and compassion and perfectly presents Booth's London; the streets, the houses, the rooms, the drink, the sweating occupations, the Jewish community, the religious exploitation of the poor are all graphically illustrated.

Booth suppressed all theory and moralizing in favor of the concrete im-

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pact of his evidence. He often arranged his material, however, in an unintentionally ironic commentary on the social history of his society. In a cruel counter example to *Burke's Peerage*, Booth recorded the genealogy of the Rooney family. Martin Rooney, aged 86, and his wife Ellen King, are duly inscribed as firmly founding a family "prolific in paupers." The members of this ignoble family experienced constant sickness, drunkenness, desertion, prison, syphilis, prostitution, illegitimacy, death in public asylums, burial from public funds. The readers of London's illustrated weekly press were accustomed to engaging accounts of the homes of the aristocracy. Booth invited them to picture the private lives of the inhabitants of a single room at number 18 Shelton Street: "The room here was full of rubbish—all in it would not fetch 10s.; the dirty walls covered with little pictures never taken down; vermin abounded and the stench was awful. These people had seven children, but about eight years ago two of them, aged nine and eleven, going to school in the morning, have never been heard of since."

Charles Booth trusted completely in the workings of the free enterprise system and was equally firm in his conviction that those who invested their capital in industrial operations were the salvation of mankind. He had nothing but contempt for those who babbled that the blood of Jesus would save this race, but his own unsentimental solution to poverty was appalling. He proposed that the chronically unemployed and near starving be placed in work camps under strict state supervision guaranteeing capital, work, wages, discipline, productivity. This system of "limited Socialism" would then enable society to harry "out of existence" those who would never work. Yet Booth understood the limits of his analysis and in a concluding paragraph to his lengthy work he prayed: "May some great soul, master of a subtler and nobler alchemy than mine, disentangle the confused issues, reconcile the apparent contradictions in aim, melt and commingle the various influences for good into one divine uniformity of effort, and make these dry bones live, so that the streets of our Jerusalem may sing with joy."

Fried and Elman in their excellent discussion of Booth's work have no suggestions for making our streets sing with joy. They propose, however, that this country will not equal England's contemporary welfare achievements until there occurs "a basic restructuring of society." This timidly stated need for revolutionary change seems certain to be unheard by a nation that accepts the idea that in a free society some will unfortunately live in crushing poverty. A recent article in *Sports Illustrated* describes Yale's Olympic swimming star, Don Schollander, who owns a copy of Galbraith's *The New Industrial State*, as modestly concerned to be faithful to idealism and lofty things. "I'm quite interested," he confides, "in doing extremely well financially in a relatively short time. I'm not money-hungry, but what I want to do is become financially secure so I can become more fully motivated to higher things in life—social good, humanitarian values. It is possible to help yourself and society at the same time. For example, there may be a way of building really low-cost housing in ghettos, improving conditions, helping people and, at the same time, helping yourself. I want to be a true entrepreneur—but as a humanitarian, not a philanthropist. Unfortunately, I'm not *that* altruistic."

Schollander should greatly enjoy reading Booth's many examples of those who built lower-cost housing in London's ghettos. Booth will also be valuable reading for all Presidential candidates who plan on helping the poor with the aid of private enterprise. The streets of our Jerusalem may not sing with joy, but they will continue to be profitable.

Sting-a-Ling-a-Ling

BRENDAN BEHAN: Man and Showman. *By Rae Jeffs. The World Publishing Co. 256 pp. $4.95.*

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Brendan Behan was a strange, turbulent, wayward genius who enjoyed a brief period of creativity as a writer but didn't make the most of it. He cast his talent to the wind after success, or notoriety, tapped him on the shoulder and in effect ceased to write though he continued talking into tapes, and publishers produced works which he never bothered to read. He made headlines for actions that had nothing to do with writing or nonwriting, such as being "drunk and disorderly," as the police phrase has it, in cities as diverse as Dublin, London, Paris, Toronto—though never New York, curiously enough, where he could make the press without the aid of a court appearance. And then he died in a great big splash of ink at the age of 41.

If anyone asked, "Will the real Brendan Behan please stand up?" there was no reply. The masks were there for everyone to see, but not what lay behind them. Clowning and spending he laid waste his years, a moralist might charge. How a man spends his time—or "does his bird" in English prison slang—is surely up to himself; but self-flagellation is a slow, hard way to die even if our world is a rack, which it surely is to men and women with the sensitivity of a Brendan Behan.

All the same he left behind a significant if small body of work: the autobiographical jail classic *Borstal Boy*; the tender short story "Confirmation Suit"; two plays, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*, which under the layers of coarse comedy have important things to say about the tragedy of man and are pregnant with promise of greater dramas to come. He also wrote a couple of poems in Irish, a nearly secret language now that few in Ireland can speak or understand, but which has a literature going back 1,500 years at least: Behan's contribution is worthy enough to be included in an anthology of modern Gaelic poetry.

He may also be remembered some day as the creator of the most talked about, unproduced, and for the most part unwritten, play of the 1960s, *Richard's Cork Leg*. The opening scene is a cemetery that has the reputation of being "one of the healthiest graveyards in Dublin." I know the place well and the description is accurate for it sits on a hill with a splendid view of Dublin Bay. Behan reveled in that kind of irony: in the midst of death we are in life.

A novel called *the catacombs* (the lower-case title was intentional) kept haunting him for years. He would return to it between bouts of drinking, sickness and tape recordings of *Brendan Behan's Island, Brendan Behan's New York* and *Confessions of an Irish Rebel* (published posthumously), but it died with him. A string of newspaper pieces he wrote for the *Irish Press*, a Dublin daily, in the early 1950s were put together as *Hold Your Hour and Have Another*, a Behan all-purpose reply to anything; and a detective story serial he produced pseudonymously for the *Irish Times* (another Dublin daily) when he needed "the readies" (cash) for a holiday in the Aran islands was also put between hard covers as *The Scarperer*, prison slang for an escapee. Whatever faults they have, dullness isn't one of them.

The person who worked closest with Behan in his last years was an Englishwoman, Mrs. Rae Jeffs, one-time publicity manager for Hutchinson, a

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London publishing house. She is the lady with the tape recorder who churned out the New York book (which is enhanced by Paul Hogarth's delightful drawings), the Ireland book and the "confessions." Her labor is astounding, but whether worth the effort is another matter.

This female Boswell of Behan's declining years now tells what it was like to work with an unpredictable and unwilling author who trod the shadow world of the alcoholic. I'm not quite sure he was that, but perhaps I'm being overtechnical; he was also a diabetic, which is forgotten, who shouldn't drink and couldn't stay away from it. Puritans don't understand pubs. In Dublin they are the friendliest and warmest places, where good talk flows faster than Jameson's whiskey or Guinness' stout, especially in the long nights of the damp northern winter when a bitter breeze blows across the bay. In Behan's city a man is judged by his pub as much as by the company he keeps. Friends of Behan say he needed no alcohol to make him high, and after four or five pints he was flying, which is another way of saying you have to probe deeper if you want to find his "problem." Mrs. Jeffs tells it the way she saw it, almost drink by drink, until one is overwhelmed by the sight, the sloppiness, the smell of it. Her rather pedestrian style helps and a lost character begins to take dim shape.

Behan loved an audience. He also loved to shock the conventional and the respectable. He outraged the Irish Establishment by his television appearances, his remarks to the press, his works. *Borstal Boy* was banned. Because there is no stage censorship, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage* escaped molestation. But the compassion of these pieces was lost in a rash of talk about "vulgarity." Some not unfriendly critics thought *The Hostage* insulted Ireland and Behan's own political past; perhaps a too literal interpretation of the plot could lead to such a conclusion. But, as the discerning Benedict Kiely has pointed out, there is more to the play than brothel scenes and jokes about Mother Ireland: "Monsewer [owner of the noble old house that is now a brothel], in fact, is one of Behan's visions of God, and as he parades, salutes, plays the pipes and sings of tea and toast and muffin rings, the old ladies with stern faces and the captains and the kings, he falls into line with images of the Divinity that appear elsewhere in the plays and prose."

A man cries across a void to the unknown, discards the lie and seeks truth which is found only in the midst of degradation. That is one way out of the dilemma of life and the pen can find it. But for Behan writing was never enough. He distrusted his talent; in his early years, in prison and after, he was prepared to give writing the hard work and discipline it requires. In *Borstal Boy* he tells of the essay he rewrote five times to win the prize; the book itself obviously is well honed. But when he became a celebrity such close attention to craftsmanship grew impossible. It was then that he ceased writing and took to the tapes. Even that became difficult, as Mrs. Jeffs so patiently explains. It wasn't that he didn't want to write: he just couldn't. And so he fled: from pub to pub and from city to city.

But Mrs. Jeffs was tireless and indefatigable. She followed him—back and forth across the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. She succeeded in getting him to do some work. The bills had to be paid.

It is clear that he liked publicity rather in the manner of a small boy who draws the attention of adults by his deeds. It is also clear that he was exploited as a product. It occurs to the reader to ask why a very sick man had to go to all those literary luncheons, while the sponsors sat on the edges of their chairs waiting for the almost inevitable explosion. Why should he be nice to someone who writes for the London *Daily Mail*? Malcolm Muggeridge and the B.B.C., in their own spinsterish ways, managed to hack a pound of flesh out of him too; not that Behan gave a damn.

Mrs. Jeffs was not among the exploiters, though she may have served them unwittingly. She is sympathetic to Behan as a man and as an artist. Her error was that she thought she could "save" him, although she never uses the word. She tried to get the tired brain to work, the weary wracked body to rest. Sometimes she succeeded. She draws a sketch of a man existing in such a state of misery that it is not right to call it living. And then suddenly he would recover and show extraordinary vitality, only to crumble again. He remained good copy to the end.

When Behan started sending stories out of prison to the Irish literary magazine, *The Bell*, which Sean O'Faolain and later Peadar O'Donnell edited, word spread around Dublin of "an Irish Jack London from the slums." The parallel is accurate enough in some ways. They both managed to live like lords for a time and have champagne for breakfast. And that's a triumph of sorts.

But Behan, I feel, was more like the roisterous Gaelic poets of the 18th century who wandered the roads, made love to the girls, read their verses and told

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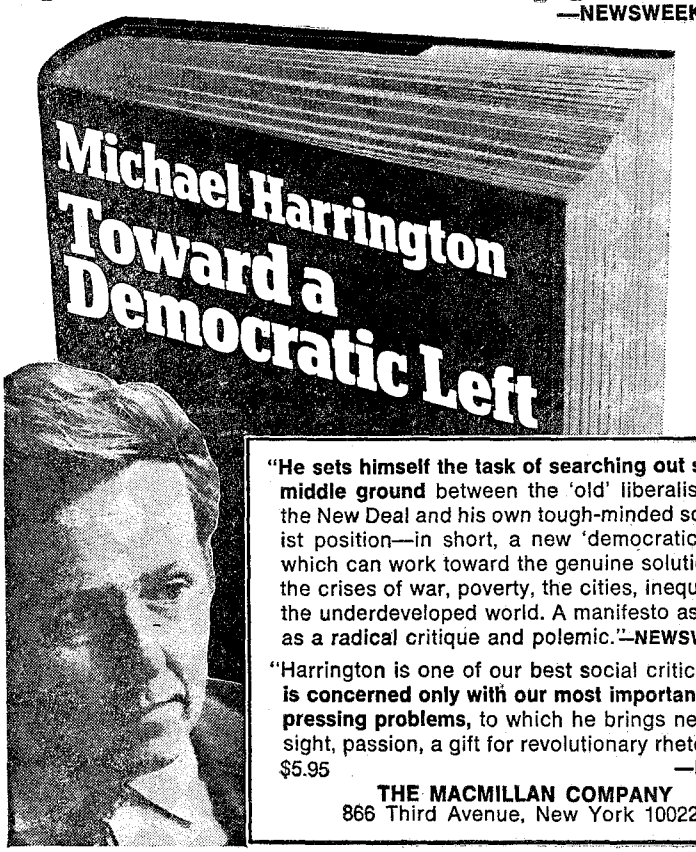

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their stories in taverns to peasant audiences, and drew down on their heads the wrath of priests, pietists and policemen—or the equivalent law-enforcing agency of the time. They mocked respectability, laughed at the follies of rulers, and sang sad songs about the misery around them. Life wins over death in the end, as Leslie, the young English soldier in *The Hostage*, tells us:

The bells of hell
Go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
Oh death where is thy
Sting a-ling-a-ling
Or grave thy victory?

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN
Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a free-lance writer.

BODKIN. *By Barton Midwood. Random House. 211 pp. $4.95.*

Bodkin is a night watchman in a house for wayward boys. He might as well be a "good" teacher in a large public school, or a white man whose best friend is a black man, or a benevolent political leader, even a father. For Barton Midwood's novel is about the vast and absolute distance between authority and love, between power, no matter how gently wielded, and those upon whom it gets wielded.

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Bodkin is a good man, wise, human, lovable. A series of events in the home throws him into an intimate alliance with two of his charges, against a cruel but pitiful administration which functions as best it can (horribly) under an absurd system. Step by step, Bodkin wins the boys' reluctant confidence and guarantees himself as their protector until they invest their very lives in him. Then a wild convergence of circumstances forces a choice between the system and the boys. Locked into his role—his culture, his age, his power—he steps back. All this is accomplished in a series of quick and dramatic scenes, some of them funny, populated by a memorable group of instantly recognizable characters. Mr. Midwood never sacrifices either his characters or his plot to his moral, and his reader is never preached at, simply always moved, always troubled and always admiring. This is a very ambitious novel that really works.

LISTEN RUBEN FONTANEZ. *By Jay Neugeboren. Houghton Mifflin Co. 216 pp. $4.50.*

The first-person narrator here is Harry Meyers, tired New York Jew, widower, schoolteacher and candidate for retirement from a life he feels finished with. The book's action—and there is a lot of it—centers upon his involvement with a group of his Puerto Rican students; subplots are all over the place, but what matters is Meyers' absolute authenticity. Mr. Neugeboren has managed to catch him in three dimensions as he moves on the brink of both culture and generation gap, and to make us care intensely about him as he grumbles through a series of wild, slightly mad adventures culminating in his decision to keep being alive. One of the highlights of his book is a quick and beautiful description of an old rabbi, which Mr. Neugeboren tosses off toward the beginning.

BLADE OF NIGHT. *By Don Carpenter. Harcourt, Brace & World. 181 pp. $4.50.*

Like Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, this nightmare of a novel allows the reader no relief from the sheer intensity of its steady, almost humdrum barrage of brutal detail. A man named Semple, hideous and barely articulate, is released after eighteen years in a hospital for the criminally insane. The novel's center is the gradual revelation of the act that landed him there, and how, as he tries to resume some kind of life, its memory circles back to entrap him in a still deadlier act. Mr. Carpenter, who wrote *Hard Rain Falling*, is a camera; he can make his hero's consumption of a plate of spaghetti an intensely absorbing experience. But it is his X-ray vision into the incredible emptiness and isolation of his characters' lives that gives this novel its almost tangible quality of despair. Readers who are turned away by plot description (who needs another realistic novel about a tortured loser?) will miss a dazzling performance.

GRASSE 3/23/66. *By Nicholas Delbanco. J. B. Lippincott Co. 139 pp. $4.50.*

The problem of Nicholas Delbanco's narrator is that his wife has left him; he is writing the monologue that comprises *Grasse 3/23/66* ("a fiction") as therapy. It goes like this: "Desist from the diseased deceased; from sheer tedium of this *te deum*. I am gone mad with words, with grief," and goes on in that way for most of its 139 pages. By the end of this unrelievedly clever Joycean and Dylanesque (Thomas, not Bob) hunk of alliteration, mythological allusion and literary punning, the reader's only impulse is to punch the grieved narrator in the nose and congratulate his wife on a wise decision. "What effulgence of indulgence sets me, still, to type?" Mr. Delbanco asks near the end. He's got me.

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

The Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation and the U.S. Office of Education have announced a joint project that will attempt to educate disadvantaged preschool children through daily hourlong television programs. One does not know whether to laugh or to cry.

It is not that the Children's Television Workshop lacks worthy ends or will not be in competent hands. Actually, the use of television to help youngsters instead of taking advantage of them is revolutionary in American television, which is predominantly commercial and exploitative. It is a noble endeavor and Mrs. Joan Ganz Cooney, executive director of the workshop, is imaginative, idealistic, able.

But certain aspects of the enterprise are bittersweet with irony. The need is for many such programs; one is proposed. The need is now, but the series will begin in the fall of 1969. It will be telecast in color, a far more expensive undertaking than black and white, even though the number of color TV sets in the slums and ghettos of our land is unknown.

Most serious, establishment of the workshop, which will be under the guidance and use of the facilities of the National Educational Television network, threatens to polarize children's television programing into two separate and un-

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equal worlds. While commercial stations and networks make fortunes by luring the young to outrageously offensive and frequent commercial interruptions with cheap programs addressed to the lowest common denominator of appeal (a mental and spiritual corruption of the innocent sanctioned by the Federal Communications Commission), one noncommercial program proposes to aid children at great private and public expense.

(I do not suggest that all commercial children's programs are meretricious, although most of them so strike this occasional viewer, but even the best—the lovingly conceived *Captain Kangaroo*, for example—are prostituted by insistent and insinuating commercials.)

Worthy as the workshop may be by itself, it is a stopgap approach to what should be a major national goal, the human use for human ends of a great communications instrument. It does not face—in fact it avoids facing, as did the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television—the central problem of television in the United States, which is the general repudiation of responsibility to the American public by commercial broadcasters.

Congress has in effect given over American television to commercial broadcasters. The fact that a proposal such as the workshop is necessary—as a noncommercial system for adults is also now necessary—is evidence enough that the commercial operators, while successful with advertisers, have failed the nation's children as they have the nation's adults. Theoretically, a rein on greed and a prod to public service could be provided by the FCC, but the agency is now best known for ineffectual promises.

I suppose that in this situation the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation and the U.S. Office of Education considered their modest proposal a matter of practicality and realism. It is time, however, to ask whether the application of first aid is adequate medical treatment for chronic morbidity. Do we really want two general systems of children's programing—one that exploits the audience (and makes a profit) and another that attempts to nourish it (and requires huge nonreturnable financial investment)?

The workshop will cost its backers an estimated $6 million to $8 million for twenty-six weeks of programs. Perhaps this largess would have been better invested in Congressional and FCC lobbying. A change in quality of children's television programing can come almost overnight if commercial networks and stations are required to drop sponsorship of children's programs—making them public service like public schools—and to program that air time with fare meeting the requirements of an advisory committee, like the workshop's, composed primarily of responsible psychologists and educators. Such a remedy is drastic. I don't propose it as anything more than the starting point for a full-scale re-examination of the goals of American television by the public and Congress. Especially a re-examination in the field of children's programs.

One program—too little and too late, tomorrow and not today—will not change the record of twenty years; it will not even stir the scales.

AT A DANCE

Knowing what I know
I wonder what they know
dancing as I have danced
and been unhappy
but made my legs move
quickly without pity
for myself or them,
for knowledge comes
like the theory of light
without an angry cry.
I am ending as the conclusion
to a book. It is being read
and will be laid down
by a reader unknown to me.
My body handles me
and it is a finger
tapping on the earth
for an answer.

DAVID IGNATOW

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Russians have made a film of *War and Peace*, and to that the immediate response is why? One may conjecture. Tolstoy's passionate hatred of war pours from the novel, both in his own words and through the fates of his characters. He said that as evil men conspire for evil, good men may conspire for good, and the film employs that exhortation as its motto. The Russians undoubtedly feel that this is a good thing to say and that today they are in a particularly strong position to say it. They are right on both counts.

The picture also gave employment to large segments of the Russian army over a period of several years, is of a magnificence to fill the heart of the average Russian with pride, and may earn applause and revenues abroad. On this last point, though, I have misgivings. The picture is a monument of world cinema, but it is one that should have been erected thirty years ago. No one makes pictures like this any more, for the reason that better uses have been found for the screen. I had not realized how complete the change has been until I sat through this stupendous collection of illustrations for an inconceivably de luxe edition of Tolstoy's masterpiece.

At least a generation ago, film ceased to be a window and became a language, with its own grammar, idioms, elisions, figures and rhetoric. Over the years, and almost without noticing, we have all become fluent in cinema, and it is vexing to be now thrown back upon our A,B,Cs, however sumptuous the primer. Much is made of the fact that *War and Peace* runs six and a half hours (omitting, inevitably, most of the real content of the book and never getting even to the end of the story), but time spent in the theatre is largely subjective and the fact is that the picture begins to seem interminable in the first forty-five minutes. It is ablaze with color and reeling with action, but it proceeds at a pace so meticulously explicit that one's back muscles ache from the strain of holding back. It is not *War and Peace*; it is a description of *War and Peace* by an enthusiast who has taken firm hold of your jacket. Tedium in a noble cause.

The film has two genuine virtues. The first of these is its eloquent tribute to the Russian land, a tribute which Americans will respond to the more easily because the beckoning vastness of this lovely countryside looks so much like home. It is only a small part of Russia, of cours , as the Pennsylvania farmland or the Vermont hills are only parts of America, but we and they do have in common meadows, valleys, streams, woods and the awareness of horizon.

The other excellence of the picture is the physical rightness of the principal characters (also of the populace, but that is much easier). It is notoriously difficult to materialize characters as intimately known and deeply loved as the men and women of *War and Peace*; to my eye, the film never errs, and the feeling of satisfaction is extraordinary. At the same time, it must be said that the acting ability of this cast in no way matches its physical presence. The performance is wooden, superficial, explicit but unevocative. I doubt that anyone unfamiliar with the novel could understand what these people mean to one another or how their lives are meshed. There emerges about as much of human joy and sorrow, heroism and inadequacy as the scenario of a traditional ballet can provide. To weep at this film would be an exercise in sensibility.

I am not going to recite the list, but Pierre seems to the end an amiable boy of impulsive good intentions balked by awkwardness. Pierre Bezuhov reduced

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to a great puppy—and he is played by Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the film! Natasha (Lyudmila Savelyeva) is a delight to observe, but again the pleasure is one of choreography, not of drama. The world of fiction is full of lovely girls who move like grain and weep as though their hearts would break. Natasha Rostova is one of the supreme creatures of literature. The dubbing is of course a wicked impediment; the worse, perhaps, because it is done so skillfully. It puts a stranger in an actor's mouth. However, the fault lies deeper than that: this cast has been overwhelmed by its responsibility.

There remains the war. The battle scenes, in scale, in intricacy of movement and proliferation of detail, in versatility of camera technique, are probably unmatched in the history of the movies. They are also faithful to Tolstoy's basic point: that whatever generals and military historians may pretend, great battles are utterly without form or plan or indeed consequence; that they are mere adventitious slaughter and the victor is he who believes the more strongly that he has won. Undoubtedly that is true, and inevitably it produces footage that is mere blood and noise and confusion. It is impossible to become involved in such pandemonium, and I passed the time trying to make out whether anyone was really getting hurt, to see how the horses were hobbled into a semblance of death throes.

I believe the Russians intended to astonish and delight us; I am sorry that they failed. It may be that the only way *War and Peace* could be filmed was as a colossal spectacle; if so, the time for filming it had long passed. I am sorry also—because I sense ideology at work—that the makers of the picture caused the serfs to disappear from the story and did not carry the narrative to its conclusion, with the bourgeois world taking up its life again. Tolstoy's attitude toward the peasant was no doubt thought disagreeably ambivalent, and the producers apparently wanted to close on the high apocalyptic note of Moscow rising from the ashes of its salvation. I hardly blame them for dropping all reference to Masonry (the expositional problem would have been appalling), but it does leave a great hole in the portrait of Pierre.

It was honorable of the Russians to try to give *War and Peace* to the world; unfortunately, we received this unparalleled gift long ago.

A way to film the meaning of war that is exactly opposite to that used by the Russians is demonstrated by Jean-Luc Godard in *Les Carabiniers* (screenplay by Roberto Rossellini, Jean Gruault and the director, from a play by Benjamin Joppolo; this is a Franco-Italian production). He deploys two men and two women, interpolates some old combat footage, and films the whole thing in the style of an underground movie made on the city dump.

The characters are named Michelangelo, Ulysses, Venus and Cleopatra—a kind of symbolism that annoys me because it means a great deal less than it says. These are shantytown types, and the men go off to battle readily enough when two *carabiniers* arrive at their shack with a letter of mobilization from "the king," and informal promises of unlimited consumer goods to be liberated and unexcelled opportunities for the exercise of brutality.

The two send home scribbled notes detailing their global conquest (the field operations resemble the exploits of a posse that utterly lacks the power of concentration), and eventually they come back themselves with a satchel full of the fruits of conquest—picture postcards; neatly categorized and held with rubber bands, of every material value the world holds dear. *Q.E.D.*

It is not easy to find anything new to say about war, and Godard has chosen instead to say something in a (for him) new way. He will pretend to be an amateur movie maker, he will make believe that his resources are a hand-held camera, some friends with an itch to act, a couple of surplus rifles, some secondhand visored caps and a jeep to get around and shoot scenes in vacant property and on empty streets. But there is nothing harder for an expert than to pretend to be a novice. The real amateur tries to be as good as possible; he has freshness and enthusiasm working for him and may stumble upon an exciting invention. But a professional playing the novice game must continually hide what he knows, deliberately hamper himself, suppress any invention lest it spoil the masquerade. Godard is at a serious disadvantage among the "let's make a movie" crowd; his film is not really naive, but it is truly without zest.

Amateur movies are full of accidents and gaucheries which can bring the enterprise close to the audience—you see the thing being done and the people doing it. There are no mistakes in Godard's picture; it is a meticulous exercise in false incompetence. The effect is to carry mannerism to the point of estrangement. Indeed, estrangement may have been intended: an echo of Brecht hangs over this sardonic war preachment. But the estrangement is not what Brecht sought by creating some ambiguity between audience and stage. The viewer is not forced to see himself through the fractures of the illusion; instead, his attention is fixed by the assertiveness of a technical affectation imposed on a narrative invention.

And I think that as propaganda this narrative is not very pressing. It is perhaps not false, but it is certainly less than half true. War today is not made viable by the common soldier's lust for pillage and savagery. Once in it, he may discover such possibilities within himself, but that is an effect of war, not a cause. Soldiers today, when they are told anything more than where to report, are taught that they will bestow virtue on a wicked world. Godard's troopers might better have been seminarians than shanty toughs. We are surrounded by real moral quagmires, and it makes me uneasy when someone invents a swamp of wickedness that can be crossed with a good conscience.

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